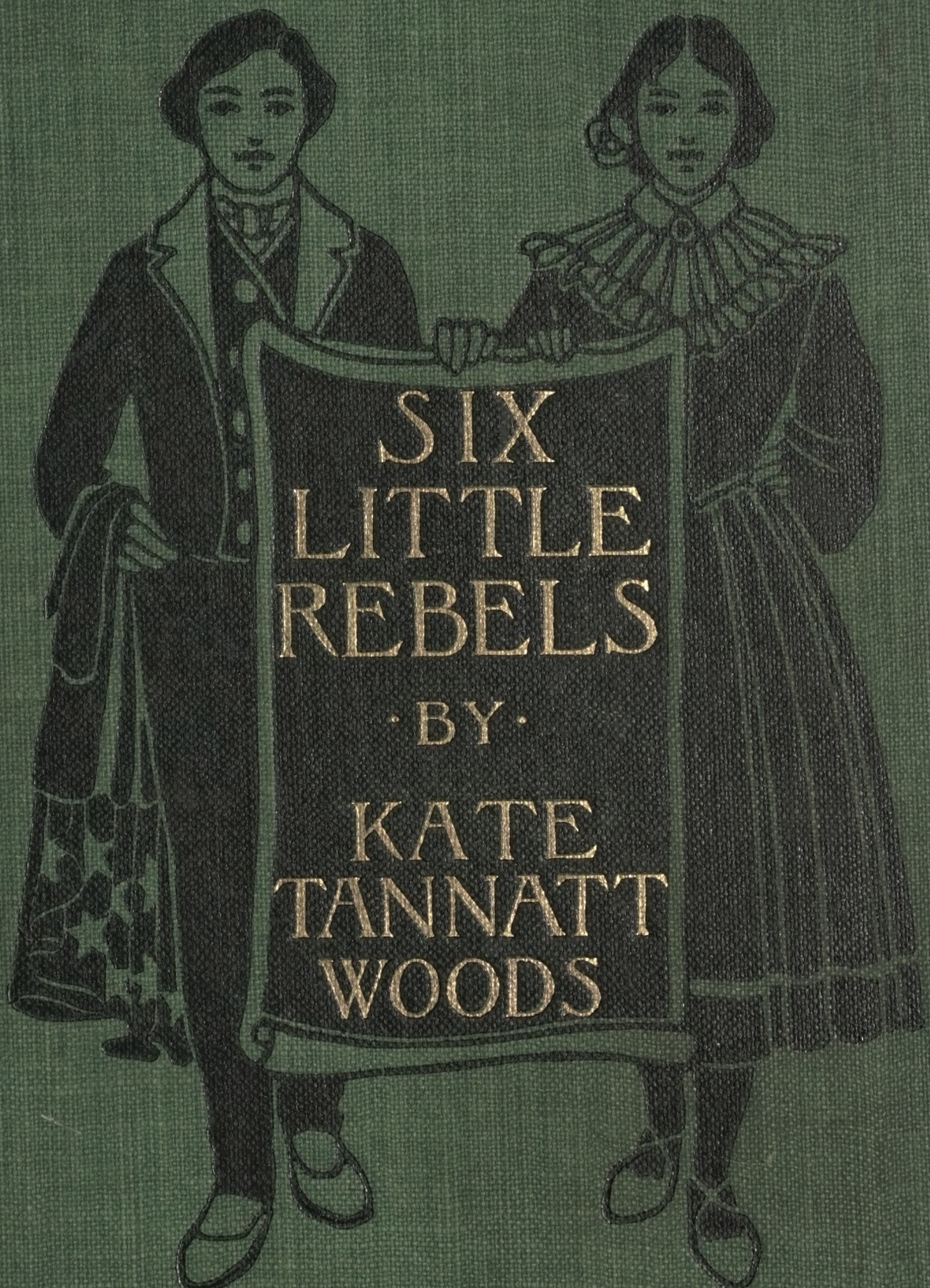

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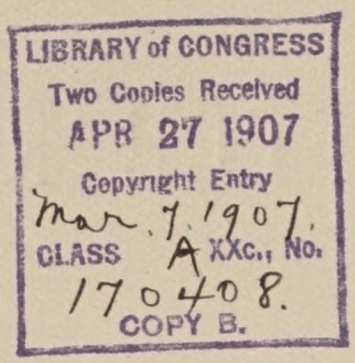
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SIX LITTLE REBELS.

Norwood Press:
Berwick & Smith Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

DEDICATED

TO

THE BLUE AND GREY

BY THEIR FAITHFUL

FRIEND

THE AUTHOR

WHY A PREFACE OR INTRODUCTION IS UNNECESSARY.

THIS little volume is a simple story of Boys and Girls during the first years of our Civil War. They fought battles in their own way; suffered, hoped, feared and rejoiced; and yet, so far as the writer knows, no one has told their story.

Unpretentious as this book is, it requires neither the names of many heroes, nor the dates of many battles, to convince every reader that the writer saw, heard and suffered, with the

Six Little Rebels.

Should any eyes read the dedication and pause in wonder, let me beg them to do more, and accept the story which follows as a prelude to the work itself, or, if custom must be regarded, let the reader consider it as an

Introductory Chapter.

One dull rainy morning, a young woman ran down the steps of a large house in the city of Washington followed by a colored boy bearing a basket. She walked rapidly, scarcely heeding the pools of water on the walk, and the well-fed boy trotted on behind.

Evidently the brisk walk in the rain was a pleasure to her, for her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright and her step elastic.

She entered the yard of the *Judiciary Square Hospital* and saluted the guard. Her face was doubtless familiar, for she passed in like one about her business, and the servant left her with the basket at the door, as if accustomed to the duty.

Two young surgeons who were chatting in the hall, came forward to assist her in removing her rain cloak.

"Why did you venture down on such a terrible day?" asked the elder surgeon as he lifted her basket from the floor.

"I promised," was the brief reply.

"Since promises are sacred with you," he answered, smiling, "do not forget one to my wife, she hopes to see you before you leave the building to-day."

"I will remember, unless some of my poor boys are worse."

Together they walk down the long hall, he bearing her basket, which he does not give her until they reach the door of a small room; the little "voluntary" enters and seems perfectly at home.

Two women are there before her, one lying on the bed, the other arranging her false front, which by some means has tilted on one side, bringing the parting over her left eye.

The little nurse says a few pleasant words to them which they respond to, but it is plain to see that they regard it as a highly improper place for "such a chit of a girl."

The little "chit" did not mind.

Long before, Miss Dix, excellent soul, had found that all skill, wisdom, and tact, were not confined to long, lank, disagreeable but worthy old women with false hair and teeth; if she had not, the "boys" had, and the surgeons also. The little nurse leaves these somewhat grim companions and goes out into the ward; she nods on the right, she smiles on the left, and glad eager faces greet her; but under the welcome her quick eye detects trouble; what it is, she hardly knows, but she is determined to find out. Walking up to a bed in the end of the room, she asks a man of about forty who seems delighted to see her:

"Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," he replies, "that rebel out yonder has put us most crazy; wish you could have him put somewhere else, the doctors would, if you asked them."

The patients are directing uneasy glances toward a bed near the door.

"We shall never get well," said a one legged soldier, "if that Johnnie keeps on." The "Johnnie" has been there three days now and every one has tried to be kind to him, all but the young voluntary nurse, she has looked that way many times but has been warned not to approach him he is so furious and stubborn.

"Poor fellow," she says, "he is all alone here, and the fever makes him rave about his troubles, don't mind him." She whispers a few words to a steward, who declares "it is no earthly use," but the little nurse thinks otherwise, she thinks of her own darling brother, perhaps in a Southern prison, and she walks

firmly down the row and approaches his cot. He will not answer one question, but stares at the wall; she is half afraid to touch him, but her heart is full of sorrow, and she still thinks of her own "Boston Boy." She takes from her basket a bottle of bay water and bathes his head; he scowls but does not speak.

The strong, proud, man, lying so helpless among strangers, and those whom he calls enemies, is more to her now because he needs help so much more than her old patients, who are watching her closely. She hesitates, ponders, and breathes quickly; then, with a half-frightened movement she bends lower, and lower, over the sick man, still bathing his burning temples. Her knees just touch the floor, her face is near his pillow, and there, with her hand on his head, she breathes in his ear a little prayer which the waiting angels carry up to heaven's gate, and the sick man listens to as he never listened before.

Sick, wounded, sore-distressed, he may be, but he is no longer *alone.*

The little nurse rises from her position; so gently does she do this, that the man in the next cot wonders if she knelt at all. The "Johnnie's" eyes are closed, and the nurse moves away. All that morning he is quiet, trying perhaps, to catch her words, as she reads in a low tone to some men in the upper row; no more idle boasting, no more desire for revenge, escapes him. When the dinner hour comes, he no longer refuses food, for the little nurse sits by, and feeds him. She takes from her basket an orange, and with her own

fruit knife cuts it in fanciful shapes, telling him how "the girls used to do so at school."

He is amused, and says he has two sisters, no mother, none for years, but an old father. They become fast friends, and day after day as he grows more gentle, the men say "Little Nursey has converted him," and one and another send him portions of their gifts, with kindly messages.

He has hours when he talks of his South Carolina home, and tells his little friend when he gets well and goes back, he will tell them how kind the Yankees were to him, and she, his little nurse, shall come there, and have the best the old state can give, and know his dear sisters.

A few days go by, and the little nurse is herself a patient in the large house. When at last she goes back, the surgeon shows her a white sheet drawn over the dark curly head and tells her he left her a message, although it was sudden at last.

The little nurse neither sees, nor hears; she is thinking of those sisters, of the desolate home; and as she stoops down and kisses the handsome, thin face and her tears fall on the face of the dead; one of the old women passes her a pair of scissors, and she takes from the well shaped head one curling lock.

"*His way, was not our way,*" *she says,* "*but he was true to his sense of right.* So long ago; so long, that the number of the regiment is lost, but safe in an old worn pocket-book, there lies a lock of dark hair, and by its side, a light one, and on the time-worn yellow paper is written: "*The Blue and Grey*".

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SIX LITTLE REBELS.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE BEGINNING — A LETTER.



PAPA and I were in the library when Axy brought up the letter. Papa read it, and passed it over to me. Now dates and I had a falling out long ago or rather, we never fell in, but I distinctly remember without looking at the letter at all, that it was written in January, 1861, and everybody knows Fort Sumter was bombarded in April following.

I am perfectly honest in saying I was cross when the letter came, for papa was explaining to me a passage in the XIV. Book of the Iliad, and his description was so fine I could not be quite patient when Axy showed her turbaned head. Who ever heard of a girl or boy of fourteen who was very patient?

Well papa read it as I said and handed it across the table to me saying:

"You had better read it aloud daughter, it is from poor Gresham."

"Poor Gresham," as papa called him, I remembered as a tall, elegant looking man, who patted me on the head when I was quite small, and praised my long curls. I knew he was a far away cousin of papa's, that he lived in Richmond, was very wealthy, and never failed to send long, kind letters every month to his "Cousin" and old classmate.

He was papa's friend, consequently I liked him in a distant fashion, but I never could quite understand why in speaking of him

papa generally said "poor Gresham," or "poor, dear old fellow," until I read that letter. It



was dated at Richmond, and read as follows:

"My dear Warrington: I have a great favor to ask of you, which I could not ask at the hands of any other man.

"You know very well that my sister Alice has managed my household ever since the death of my beloved wife. We seem to be especially afflicted since that terrible loss; Allie's husband, whom you remember — Judge Neville of the Nevilles formerly from Lynchburg — has been suddenly stricken with paralysis while performing his duties in the court-room; the physicians here tell us that his life depends on his immediate removal from home, and all cares of office. They desire us to go with him to Europe. After many discussions and plans, we can only decide that it is utterly impossible for her to go alone, and I must accompany her; under such circumstances, what can be done with our children? To leave them here with servants is impossible; my three boys, with Allie's two, are a host in themselves, and require careful handling. We did think of placing them in good boarding-schools, but I dread such a step, as it robs them of all a boy needs most in his growing-up home

influence; and the honest truth is, dear Warrington, I am extremely anxious about the future of our country; trouble is impending, is even now here, how serious it will be none can foretell. I pray God as a lover of my country that the madness of a few politicians may not plunge us into a fratricidal war.

"In this unsettled condition of affairs, may I send these lads to you, not for your personal care, but, with a strong desire that you will place them in good schools, where you can have a general oversight of them?

"Family schools I prefer, for our poor lads are likely to suffer the loss of all home restraints for several months; I trust it may not be longer.

"I know you are devoted to your only child, and I feel the magnitude of my request. I only ask that you will act as their guardian until my return, and in order that all financial matters may be arranged with as little trouble as possible to you, I will, if you consent, place in the Bank of North America

in New York, a liberal allowance for all expenses for one year. Let me hear at once for we must sail as early as next week with our invalid. Arnold, my confidential clerk, will remain in charge of my affairs in Richmond, and will also act as escort to the lads if you consent.

"Do not hesitate to refuse if your health is not better than when I saw you last, I cannot afford to add one pang to your life of suffering.

"Your cousin and friend,

"CHARLES WARRINGTON GRESHAM."

That was the letter. When I had finished reading it, I saw papa's eyes were moist and I knew very well that "cousin Gresham's" boys were safe in his hands.

"It all depends on you little woman," said papa. "Shall we take them in and do our best for them in our 'Woodbox' or send a cold letter of refusal to poor Gresham?"

"Why, I have nothing to say about it, you dear old pa, but I should like to know where we could put five boys in our little cottage?" I replied.

Years before I had heard papa say that his young bride had playfully christened the cottage on the Georgetown Heights as "The Woodbox" and ever since the family friends had known it by that name.

I am afraid that selfishness was one of my faults in those days, but you must remember that I was spoiled by a very indulgent father, and a good old nurse; and for long years, the one who would have seen all shortcomings and corrected them, had been sleeping in that loveliest of all cemeteries our own "Oakwood."

It seemed a dreadful thing to have the peace and quiet of our pleasant home broken up. Axy had been our only housekeeper for two years, and I was trying hard to do things as "mamma used to." If I arranged a nose-

gay or made a loaf of cake which papa said reminded him of my sainted mother I was a proud, happy girl.

All my studies went on under papa's eyes except music and drawing, and many happy hours we spent together in the cosy study, which opened from our front hall.

"Well, daughter," said papa, as I twisted the end of a curl over one finger, and pouted a little, "would you be willing to keep them with us until we can find a home for them? I am to do with them precisely as I would with my own, you know, but I cannot take any steps without the advice of my little housekeeper!"

"But, papa, I do *hate* boys!"

"Hate boys, Dolly!"

"Yes, I do, pa, and I can't help it; they tag and tease girls, and make fun of old ladies and drunken men, and drown kittens, and keep up *such* a noise, they are *horrid*, 'just *horrid*'."

Papa smiled a little, and said:

"Come here, little critic, and let us talk about these horrid creatures."

When we had anything very particular to talk about, papa always called me to my favorite seat on the broad arm of his chair, and there, with my arm about his neck, and his hand in mine, we settled all our little bothers — *my* bothers — not papa's.

"Now, Dolly," said he, "tell me how you know so much about boys?"

"Why, at the academy, papa. Didn't I go there two whole terms, and didn't I see with my great homely eyes the big boys teaze and torment the little ones? I used to grow so angry, I could hardly keep from speaking to them and telling them how mean it was, and I don't think I ever could like a boy, papa, unless he was a grown-up, dear big boy, like you."

"Poor little woman," he said, caressing my hand, "it might have been quite different with mamma and Charlie here."

"I never knew papa to mention my little

dead brother but once before, and his death had been such a bitter grief to him, I did not wonder. Aunt Axy had told me all about it, and the memory of him should have softened my heart, but it did not; I could only think of the noise and misery of five boys in one home.

"Poor motherless lads," said papa, "my heart aches for them," and then I began to grow less wicked, for that word "motherless" means so much to me it always softens and subdues me.

"Now, papa Warrington," I said, taking his handsome face between my hands, and half-sliding from my perch. "You call me your little housekeeper, do you?"

"Yes, daughter, and you improve every day."

"Well, if I am housekeeper, why don't you say: 'I have guests coming, and you must make ready for them.' If you want the boys here they shall come here, you dear, hen-pecked papa."

And then papa kissed me and declared "I was a bundle of contradictions, with a good heart in the centre, and his best earthly comfort." After that, I think I should not have complained if cousin Gresham's boys had walked over me.

"You see, daughter," said papa, talking with me as if I were a grown-up young lady, instead of a silly school-girl; "Gresham is one of ten thousand, the world does not know him — he is one of those grand, reserved characters which are sure to be misunderstood; people call him cold, but that man has a heart like a woman's. Alice and he have never been separated since they were left orphans, until her marriage, and even then, their homes were close together. It might brighten me up a little to have more young people about. I sometimes think a poor cripple like me, must be a dull companion for a bright young girl."

That letter seemed to make papa talkative. His helpless limbs had never once

been mentioned since the doctors had ceased to call on him professionally, and I sometimes wondered at it when his own patients came in and told long stories of their sufferings. Some of his old families would not give him up, although he could not go to them; and one of the duties which I had to perform was to receive the patients during his office hours. I suppose I may as well tell you now how it all happened, and why the once gay and active Dr. Warrington sat in a huge arm-chair with his "little woman" curled up by his side. The sorrow came two years before the boys did, and, so after all, it is a part of the beginning.

CHAPTER II.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.



T was very dark and stormy, and papa had just said he hoped no one would call him out again for his head was aching, when the office bell rang, and Gene, the boy, came in to tell us that papa was wanted over the river, to attend the child of a poor colored woman who had once lived in our family. I was in papa's lap, when the messenger came, and was trying to brush off the ache, by passing my hands gently over his forehead and temples.

"Don't go pa," I said, "let Susan get some one nearer, it is not best to kill yourself for charity."

"Hush little pet," said he as he put me down and took his heavy coat from Gene; "if it were my little girl instead of poor old Susan's, would I like to have Dr. Howard refuse to come?" So he went out into the darkness, and I could not see him, although I put my hands on either side of my face and tried to. I heard him say, "be still old fellow," to his horse, and then the carriage rattled down the hill, and I sat down to study my Latin for I went to the academy then, and the girls were trying to surpass the boys, as they had done for several terms.

Susan's child was very ill, and ten o'clock came without papa. Our housekeeper told me I must go to bed or my eyes would be heavy in the morning, so I went, Aunt Axy going with me just as she had done ever since I was born, to see that I was properly tucked in. The wind blew, and the shutters

rattled so I could not sleep for a long time, and when I did, the clock struck four, and I heard a confused sound of moving to and fro, in the lower rooms and supposed papa had just returned and Gene was locking up after putting Dixie in his stall.

I listened a moment. Could that be Dr. Howard's voice?

It sounded like it. What could he be doing in our house at that hour? Aunt Lucinda was up, I could hear her speaking as if giving directions in a suppressed tone. What could it mean? Very likely papa had brought in some poor soul to be cared for, he often did that; I would put on my slippers and run down. I did so. Without other covering than a little plaid shawl over my night dress, I ran over the stairs to the library. No one seemed to hear me, no one thought of me, until I was in the room. There was no stranger; but my own, darling, my precious papa, was lying upon a mattress, pale, and still. With one wild cry I threw

myself beside him and begged him to speak to me, but the lips were past speech. Dr. Howard and two other physicians were doing something to his feet, and I was in the way. I remember they begged me to be calm, told me he would soon be all right, and urged my going back to bed.

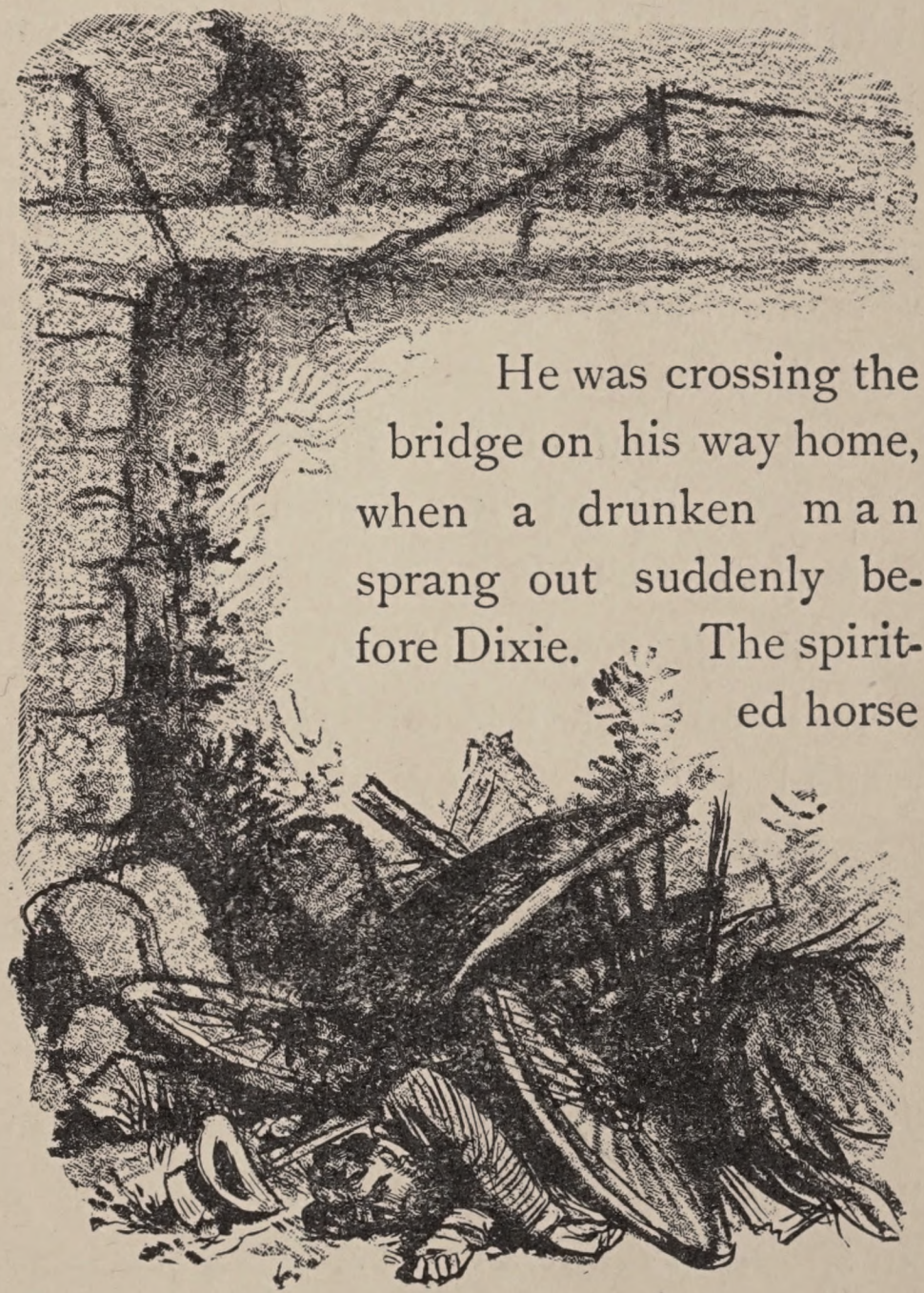
What could they think of me? Back to bed with my whole world wrecked before me? To sleep, with him dead or dying! How cruel they seemed. The women knew better.

"I didn't mean she should know until morning," said the housekeeper; but Aunt Axy put her arms about me and whispered:

"You can't stay away now honey, he's more yours than the rest, but come now, and get dressed, and the doctors will mend him all up while we get his bed ready."

Something to *do* was a mercy. My heart could only flutter, not beat, and an iron hand seemed to bind my forehead, but I went with Aunt Axy, and while I hurried on my

clothing with trembling fingers she told me all they knew — all the watchman had said, who saw it without being near enough to help.



He was crossing the bridge on his way home, when a drunken man sprang out suddenly before Dixie. The spirited horse

plunged frantically about, and in his fright ran against a piece of rotten wooden railing which gave way, and horse, carriage and rider fell down to the cruel rocks below. They found him at last with his feet fairly tied up with an iron which had spanned the front part of his buggy. They had lifted him out, and brought him home, but he had not spoken, although he had groaned several times.

"It isn't death, honey, bress de Lord for dat now; an' let me fasten de buttons you're gettin' all wrong."

"I am going down, now," I said, feeling so cold and still I seemed to be having a dreadful dream. "They will not send me away, but we will put a bed for him in the sewing-room off of the library where he can see things when he is—" I stopped there; his getting better seemed so hopeless. When I went back, they were still at work on the poor mangled feet, but I passed by and spoke to Aunt Lucinda.

"Don't you think papa's bed had better be brought down and put here in the sewing-room?" I said. "It will be better for him."

"You are right, Dolly," said Dr. Howard, who was one of papa's dearest friends, "it was a wise thought, my dear, and you may get it ready yourself."

Doing something, is such a comfort; papa always said so.

"If things go wrong, little woman, work; if friends turn false, work; if trouble comes, work; if slander assails you, stop your ears, and work."

He had uttered those words only two days before, and now the trouble was here. Aunt Lucinda staid below to wait upon the doctors, but Aunt Axy and I went up and down, and soon had papa's own bed ready in the little room. I remember I covered my eyes when they moved him, it was too cruel to see my noble, handsome father, so crushed and helpless; but when at last he was laid in his bed, with cushions to raise the cloth-

ing from his limbs, Dr. Howard gave me a bottle of cologne, and asked me to bathe his temples. I tried to thank him, but the words would not come, and I sat down to press the dear head I had been trying to soothe only a few hours before.

We watched him for weeks and weeks. The first words which passed his lips were "dear little woman."

I hope I shall never again see such fearful suffering, and I know I shall never witness such fortitude and Christian sweetness. I gave up the academy, for no one could ask me to study, with my only relative so much in need of my services. My greatest pleasure was in waiting on him all day, and dreaming of him all night, while the nurse was in charge.

Before that night I had been a gay, happy girl; after it, I felt as old as Aunt Axy. One thing I resolved upon, and that was to devote my life to his care, let it cost what it might of personal comfort.

Wicked as I was at heart about the coming of the strange boys, I was ashamed of it the moment he mentioned his crippled condition and I said, as cheerily as I could:

"Now, papa Warrington, those boys are coming here. I won't promise to love them, but I will be good to them; and just as soon as you decide what you will write to cousin Gresham, we will discuss ways and means."

CHAPTER III.

MORE LETTERS AND SOME PLANS.

THAT very evening, after our talk, papa wrote a long, kind letter to Colonel Gresham, and requested him to send one of his brightest negro boys to wait upon the lads, otherwise he feared they would not be comfortable.

A prompt answer came, and I confess I liked Col. Gresham a little better after reading it. Here it is:

"God bless you, my dear doctor. You have made Alice and myself see one bit of blue

sky. It seems too hard not to come and thank you in person, but it is utterly impossible for me to leave Allie even for a day. Arnold will go with the boys, and you must not hesitate to draw on me for any amount. I leave all with you, but do not overburden yourself, or let our madcaps tease your daughter. Just so soon as I can leave my sister in safety, I shall return and thank you; if it will ever be possible to do so, for your brotherly kindness.

"Alice wants me to write you some hints concerning our five, but I will leave you to read their characters for yourself. They are good boys, as the world goes, and I trust they will never forget that they are gentlemen. I have arranged to send Alexis — a bright boy who has been a kind of foster-brother, although older, of our little Bertie; he is devoted to him. Alice says he requires watching, he is so bright we have spoiled him.

"I do hope you can send me good reports,

and can find, as you suggest, the kind of school you like, for the eldest boys.

"Again and again, God bless you for all your kindness to your grateful

"Friend and cousin,

"GRESHAM."

My letter to Aunt Lucinda comes next in order, after I have told you that she was no aunt at all, but a good Yankee woman who had nursed my mother, and was papa's real housekeeper at the time of the terrible accident. She owned a nice little house near the sea, in Massachusetts, and her cat, chickens and relatives were very dear to her, but "duty could never be shirked," she said, and whenever any trouble came to us, the good soul found it a duty to come and look after us. We had done very well with Aunt Axy and Eugene, since papa had been able to be moved about in his chair, and the knowledge of housekeeping I had acquired, was a matter of pride to us all, but a "girl of fourteen,

could never be expected to manage five boys and a wide-awake little darky," papa said; so down I sat, and wrote to Aunt Lucinda.

"I told her just how the case stood; that I hated boys; that papa's heart was set on having them come, and I really could not live through it, unless she came to help me. In a few days, the following reply came:

"WEST BEACH, MASS.

"DEAR MISS DOLLY: I am sorry to hear that you hate boys. It is against Scripture. I have no special hankering after them, myself, but the boys, as a general thing, are just as God made them.

"If an old woman like me can do you any good, why, of course I will come; but I can't see it clear to come before the first of February. Josiah's second wife — he's my only brother, you know — has a young child; old Mis' Tashy, one of my neighbors, is kind of poorly, as she has lost her son out west;

and I have promised to 'tend to the fixing up of Squire Budd's summer residence. Just as soon as I can, I will lock up, and leave the key with Josiah.

"I am very much obliged to you for mentioning Gen. Scott, for, as things look now, Josiah's children would maul him to death, if I left him here. He isn't any trouble to speak of, and knows enough to be something better than a cat, so I'll just tuck him into my willow basket, and bring him along.

"My dutiful remembrance to your father.

"Yours,

"LUCINDA DODGE.

"P. S.—I *do* hope those boys don't all wear store stockings. L. D."

Papa and I could not help smiling over the store stockings, but we appreciated the kindness of Aunt Lucinda.

I hardly knew what to do first. Aunt Axy was ready and willing, but always came to me for orders.

Ever since I could think, I had felt "the mother-want about the world," but I never felt it more than while getting our "Woodbox" ready for so many guests. Since the accident, papa had occupied the sewing-room, it was better for all of us, and he could be rolled in and out to the office in the wing. Nearly everything in the library and his room had been presented to him since his injuries by his grateful patients. The patent chair in which he spent so many hours was the gift of his Bible-class; his wonderful footstool was Dr. Howard's own invention and everything about him spoke of the tenderness and respect with which he was regarded.

He should not be disturbed for any boys in creation, that I was determined on, but what could I do with six boys?

Day after day Axy and I had rolled the chair with our dear patient, in and out from the sleeping-room to the library, and then to the dining-room across the hall. Practice

had taught us to do it with such skill, he declared himself a king, and laughingly said we ought to try it once just to see how nice it was.

Now, all would be changed; no more quiet chats with my hand in his; no more cosy readings; no more music after tea. Six horrid boys, and one of them almost a baby. However, I hid these things in my heart, and went about making papa merry with my nonsense.

At first, I had thought seriously of running over to Mrs. Howard's and asking her to help me plan a little, but I concluded not to, for she could not tell me any more about the capacity of the "Woodbox" than I knew already; and what was the use of being a girl of fourteen, if I had to ask some one to help me over every difficult place. Papa was always preaching self-reliance. Yes, I would go to work, and do it all alone. If I blundered, papa would help me out.

It would never do in the world to have

any boys in the room directly over papa's, so the first thing to be done was to give up my precious "drab and blue" room, and take the small one over the sewing-room. The carpet of robin's-egg blue and Quaker-drab which I loved so well must be trampled on by boys' feet; there was no use in changing it, for it would not fit elsewhere, so I must content myself with the dingy one already down. The youngest boy, papa said; could not be more than five years old, and I must take him under my protecting care, so Axy and I hunted up in the attic until we found a large crib which I had slept in when I was about the age of the little stranger, and this we put up by the side of my own bed.

Aunt Axy scolded and "sputtered" about it. "'Deed Miss Dolly," said she, "you is g'wine to begin all wrong; it will never do for you to be botherin' with a chile nights; why, honey, you is nothin' but a chile you ownself."

"Now, Aunt Axy, please don't croak. I will take care of the boy, you will take care of me, and Miss Lucinda will look after all of us." So we settled it.

There was a good bit of fun in the hard work, after all. Once, when I ran down to pat up papa's cushions, I found he was troubled about the work, and my getting tired, and a dozen other things, because he could not get up and do the lion's share, as he used to do.

"It would be a great relief to me, daughter, if you would send Gene out for Jim Crow. You are not equal to moving furniture," papa said, as I stopped on my way up-stairs with my arms full.

He was really nervous about it, so I sent Gene away for the man, although I dreaded to see him return. Jim Crow was a *protege* of papa's, a burly man of color, six feet in his stockings, and as lazy as he was long. He had the grace to respect papa, and often came to him with some pitiful tale of woe

about himself. No one believed him but papa, and no one could, who watched him lounging about the streets. But Jim came, and after all, he was useful.

It was just four days of hard work to make ready for our Goths and Vandals. The bath-room was supplied with new, strong towels, rugs were put down before beds and bureaus, and a closet was turned into a sleeping apartment for Alexis.

The skin was off my fingers in several places; my shoulders were lame from reaching up, and my new room made me feel as if I had gone out on a visit and wanted to get home. But papa was so pleased at my success, and a complete description of things which he could not see, that I was after all, quite happy.

As I am telling a true story, and don't care to make people think I was very sweet and lovely about it, when I was not, I will confess that I sighed very often when I looked into my own room, and on the

evening of the boys' arrival, I heard the carriage stop at the door with a feeling of dread. As Axy opened it, I ran back for one more hug and kiss from papa, and, like a rebellious girl, said:

"That's a good-bye to all good times, papa."

I had only time to see a sad look on papa's face, before Axy called "Miss Dolly," and I ran out, hearing that sweet, patient man say:

"Give them a cordial greeting for my sake, little woman."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE SWARM SETTLED DOWN.



THE first person I saw was a small, slender young man who said: "This is Miss Warrington, I presume," and I answered, laughingly; "Yes, and you are Mr. Arnold, I suppose, and have brought us a coach-load of cousins. Come in, and welcome."

On the doorstep was the oddest-looking little darky I ever saw in my life. His body

was small, and his face old, but mischief was written all over it.

I had been very anxious to see the "baby" who was to share my room, and I was gratified, for Mr. Arnold put him into Aunt Axy's arms fast asleep.

"He is very tired," he said.

"He is not very strong at any time," said the tallest boy, and then they were shown into the library to meet papa.

"Reggie, my boy, how are you; should have known you for a Gresham, anywhere," said papa, shaking hands with the tall boy who had spoken first. "And this is Edward, I presume."

"Walter and Charlie Neville," said Mr. Arnold, bringing up the other boys, as unlike as possible for twins.

"Glad to see you all, my lads; you are very welcome to our little 'Woodbox,' but I mean to tell you a secret at once. Your cousin Dolly will be very kind to you all but she hates boys."

It was dreadful in papa, and I pretended not to hear, for I was busy getting the sleeping boy in a comfortable position on the sofa. Just then, papa espied Alexis, who



was standing in the doorway, staring about the room.

"Well, my boy, we expect you to take good care of the little fellow over yonder.

"Arnold, you must be tired; go up to your room when you please, and remember we do not put ceremony before comfort.

"Dolly dear, show your cousins their rooms. I have a young housekeeper, Ar-

nold, just now, but she surpasses many old ones I have seen."

Papa was in such good spirits I could not help looking at him, and saying softly to myself:

"Perhaps this is the very thing he needs."

Axy took "Lex," as the boys called him, to the kitchen, while I went up-stairs with Mr. Arnold and the four boys, leaving the little fellow still sound asleep on the lounge.

While they were dressing, or brushing up, I ran down to look after the late dinner we had prepared, after papa received a telegram from Mr. Arnold. My part of it was small enough, only the dessert and arranging the table, but Aunt Axy always depended on me a little, and so did papa.

In the kitchen I found Lex rubbing his face until it shone.

"So your name is Lex?" I said, as he stared at me with his great eyes.

"No, miss, it's Lex*is*, most days; they calls me Lex, or Bub, though."

"Well, Lexis, I hope you will be a good boy and mind Aunt Axy. She has taken care of me ever since I was a baby."

"Yes, miss."

"And Lexis you will wait on the table, papa says, for you are young and spry."

"Yes, miss,"

The little fellow looked so droll as he pulled his wool by way of making a bow that I could not help laughing, although I had all my life seen colored children about me. When I went back to the library Bertie had just opened his eyes and fastened them on papa, who said at once:

"Well, laddie, come and shake hands, if you like my looks half as well as I like yours. I cannot come to you."

"Why not?" asked Bertie, already half won by papa's voice and manner.

"Because I never walk, Bertie. I am lame."

"Then I'll come," said the little fellow,

and in a moment he was nestled in my father's arms.

Suddenly, he looked up, and asked:

"Are you papa's dear, dear friend?"

"Yes, laddie, the dearest friend on earth, except my daughter, is your own papa."

"Well, I am to call you 'Uncle,'" he said, "and be your boy for a big, long while until he comes back."

"That is kind, for I need a good little boy, and so does cousin Dolly. You see I have to use her feet so much, I am afraid she will not be able to use them all she wants to for herself."

"Can't you walk just the leastest, truly mite?" asked Bertie, looking down at the helpless, misshapen feet on the cushion.

"No, darling; not one little step."

"Who did it?" asked the child.

"God, I think, dear."

"And won't you never walk out on the grass with them again?"

"Never here, Bertie."

"I wonder what made God do it? I don't think I like him very well; he took mamma away and I can't see her, and now he has hurted your feet and you can never walk."

"Until I get to the blessed country where crooked things are made straight," said papa, kissing the boy.

"That's Heaven," said the child with tears in his dark eyes, "papa told me, and I want to go there and see mamma; but I do hope God won't stay there *every minute;* I feel so afraid of him."

"Bertie, do you feel my arms tight about you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you know I never saw you before, but I love you, and I am sorry for you, because your dear mamma has gone away, and your papa has gone too for a little while. Like all little boys, I suppose, you are naughty sometimes, and then I shall be compelled to correct you, but I shall love

you all the same. Now, we are God's children; he holds us tight in his arms. Sometimes, we are naughty and he punishes us; we do not know why, but we do know he loves us and it is for our good, although it is hard to bear, and all the comfort we have, is the thought that do what we will, he never takes his arms away."

I was leaning over papa's chair, listening to the conversation, and I could not help feeling that some of it belonged to me.

Bertie was silent for a moment, and then looked up with a bright, glad smile to say:

"Perhaps I'll like Him better when I know Him, but I don't feel very well 'quainted now."

Papa turned to me with a smile, and said:

"Here is your boy, Dolly, and well worth all the care you can give him."

Axy and I rolled papa's chair out to the dining-room, and gave Bertie a seat at his right hand. We had a very pleasant time. Mr. Arnold told some queer things about

their trip; papa was in fine spirits, and the boys were all quiet and gentlemanly. Once, Bertie burst out with:

"Oh, Reggie, Uncle doctor hasn't any foots, and I'm going to run and catch all the butterflies for him!"

We all laughed at the idea of catching butterflies in January; but papa only patted the little fellow's hand and said:

"Certainly he is; and he will bring in the sunshine too."

Bertie looked puzzled, but it was plain enough to see that the two would be fast friends.

"Now my dear boys," said papa, as soon as we were all seated in the library, "I do not intend to make you work much for several days, but one thing I shall urge, and that is, that each of you will keep a diary and write in it faithfully every day. If you do not care for them now, your parents will value them on their return, and beside, we are all making history. Dolly, my dear, pass

me the bundle which Gene brought me this morning."

I did so; and papa opened it and gave each of us a pretty blank book, all but Bertie, who seemed so grieved about it that papa assured him there was a cunning little one coming for him in the morning.

The next morning Mr. Arnold left us quite early, before Bertie was awake; and the little fellow cried so hard when he found him gone, I could not help taking him in my arms and comforting him. He was a pretty boy, with dark eyes and light hair, but his eyes had that far-away look which I cannot help thinking all motherless children have.

Reggie was about my age, Ned two years younger, and Charlie and Walter Neville, twins, aged twelve. All the boys were fond of little Bertie Gresham, but Reginald, his eldest brother, seemed to be the child's favorite. He was mine, too, after the first bashfulness wore away. Ned was everybody's boy, jolly, noisy, full of fun and good-

nature. Aunt Axy adopted him at once, and he, although the rogue of the party, took a wonderful fancy to the black, but honest and excellent woman.

Charlie Neville was the owner of a bright red head, and Walter, his twin, was crowned with curly brown locks.

"They were all intelligent-looking lads," papa said, "but Bertie was a rare child — one of the kind to handle with great care and study patiently."

I soon learned the truth of papa's remark, and often grew puzzled over some speech of the little fellow.

He clung to me, and followed me about so much that I began to feel the care of him all my own. I dressed him and undressed him, heard his little prayers, and gave him a drink if he waked in the night, and little by little, the love grew for the motherless little fellow, until heedless and selfish as I was, nothing was too much to do for my Bertie.

The first day the boys rested and unpacked; the second, as it was fine, we drove about Washington, Dr. Howard going with us. Bertie nestled close to me, and kept us all merry with his innocent remarks. Charlie's red head loomed up like a beacon-light on the front seat. Reggie sat with the doctor and Ned, looking so sober I really pitied him. He seemed to feel the family sorrow more than Charlie or Walter.

We did not miss one of the public buildings, and at last, when we came to the White House, Bertie remarked:

"That it wasn't a very clean white house, and he didn't like it."

"Wouldn't you like to live there?" kindly asked Dr. Howard, not a little amused by his sober face.

"Well, I 'spose I might if you gived it to me; but it isn't as nice as Uncle doctor's."

"There, Miss Dolly, now pray do not let me hear you complain of the 'Woodbox' again," said Dr. Howard, laughing.

"You musn't laugh," said the child, with a flush on his little pale face. "I don't like to be laughed at. I *don't* like it; papa's *is* nicer, and not so big, and I might go in there at the big door and get lost. If I did, you couldn't find me for ever and ever."

"Bertie has detected one of its faults," said Dr. Howard, "there is nothing homelike about the White House."

We found papa ready to listen to our report when we returned, and it seemed to me when I undressed Bertie at night that I had known our cousins a long, long time, and they were very nice for boys.

CHAPTER V.

MORE ARRIVALS AT THE "WOODBOX."

THE first thing changed after the boys came was our dinner hour. Papa said it would never do for growing boys to wait for our four o'clock dinner.

They were very much surprised to learn that we were all to study at home for the present. Thanks to my home training I was far in advance of Reggie; but I soon saw he was determined to overtake me. It was several days before we settled down to work, and decided on our studies, but we

had ever so much fun over it; "finding out what we didn't know" as Ned said, and at last it was papa who arranged everything to please us.

I was busy every moment, for Aunt Axy was getting old and it required some time to prepare desserts for so many, and papa insisted on a vacation until Miss Lucinda came to relieve me of all care.

Only a few days passed before she arrived coming sooner than we expected. The economical soul had only taken an omnibus to the nearest point rather than pay "two prices" for a carriage.

We had just finished dinner when the door bell rang out loud and clear. *Lex* answered it promptly for we had found another place for Gene soon after he came, well knowing that two such "imps of darkness" as Charley said, would be too much in one house. When Lex opened the door I heard the familiar voice of Miss Lucinda saying to him:

"Well, you are no great to look upon" and out I went and hugged the kind hearted woman who had left all her belongings to care for me.



"The Lord be praised Miss Dolly I am here," she said, "but it's as much as ever and the poor General is nearly smothered."

She sat down on one of the hall chairs to puff a little.

Now Miss Lucinda was by no means a lank, lean Yankee, but a plump, ruddy-faced, motherly looking soul, with no particular waist line, and an arm like a blacksmith. She had walked on this occasion a good mile, part of the way, up a steep hill, with a large black valise, a lunch box, and the market basket containing her feline warrior. No wonder she was "completely beat out."

After removing her bonnet, I turned my attention to the gallant General. Surely no cat could behave better.

To be sure, his basket was roomy, and his mistress devoted; but for a gentleman cat, of good old family, it was rather hard. For years he had been accustomed to long strolls on the beach, to evening receptions, and concerts, to calls upon Josiah, and others of his craft, who furnished free lunches of fresh fish; and now it is all ended.

I opened his prison door and set him free

For one moment he looked bewildered but hearing Miss Lucinda request him "To behave himself, and shake hands like a sensible fellow," he sat down and demurely held up one paw like a dog.

Bertie was delighted, and although cautioned about his claws at once began to fondle him. The little fellow was nearly wild over this new pet, kissing his head, smoothing his handsome fur, and admiring his eyes. The General was a superior creature of his kind, as large as a small dog, and of the soft velvety color known as Maltese.

As soon as Miss Lucinda — for papa insisted on our calling her Miss now; she would not be called Miss Dodge — as soon as she could breath freely, we gathered in papa's study. I had been a little afraid that her oddities might provoke the boys to laughter, but papa had arranged all that by telling them of her real worth. I heard Aunt Axy telling Lex that "he'd better stop his foolin'

now, for de ole lady had eyes before and behind."

Lex must have been an awful trial in those days, his woolly head was full of mischief, and very often I had to pause out-side the kitchen door which opened at the end of the hall, before I could suppress my laughter, while Aunt Axy was giving him what she called "a good rakin' down."

"You good for nothin' pesky limb why don't ye b'have decent?" she would say, and then Lex would give a "te, he, he," and a "ha ha ha," and an "O my eyes, but you is a beauty." Aunt Axy was very proud of her personal appearance, her turbans were gay-colored, and neatly tied, and her long white aprons were so tidy I used to wonder how she did so much dirty work, and never soiled them. Once, Lex waited until she passed the door on her way to church and then sprinkled flour all over her best black gown; on another occasion, he showered her with ducks' feathers just as she had finished scrub-

bing her kitchen floor, and it was wet enough to make them stick.

These pranks were all kept from papa, at the good soul's request, and Miss Lucinda was such a terror to the little rascal he always behaved well in her presence. We were very happy after she came; I had plenty of time for my studies, and all of us went for long walks, for winter walks about Georgetown, and Washington, are as pleasant as summer ones in other places. Papa seemed almost gay when we came home, each with a little budget of news, but Miss Lucinda always looked us over as we came trooping in, with a dread of more mending. Walter generally gave her something to do, for he was one of those unfortunate boys who are sure to tumble down or meet with some sort of an accident.

The best thing about the dear old soul was, that she never was cross, and if she looked a little sober over a tear in Walter's coat, Reggie was sure to make her laugh

with a story of how, when, and where, it was made. Her laugh was a queer one "a real Yankee pucker," Walter said; she would lower her double chin, draw down the corners of her mouth, and wink her eyes rapidly, but no audible sound ever escaped her.

A kind of Puritan grimness hung about her, and she seemed to be always battling with some spirit of fun, which she was determined to conquer.

Gen. Scott evidently understood her, and their devotion was amusing. The boys called him her "lover," and if he were not in his usual place at her feet they would ask, "where her lover had gone?"

This bit of teasing amused her, for she always answered merrily:

"Oh, he's out for a walk."

We had one scene with this four-footed lover which Lex at least will remember.

It was our custom to have family prayers in the breakfast room, and all the family gathered about as soon as the servants removed the

dishes. After the boys came I retained my old place close by papa, and gave Bertie a seat at my side; Lex, who was inclined to trouble the child when he had nothing else to do, was given a low seat near the door, next to Miss Lucinda.

About two weeks after the arrival of Gen. Scott and his mistress, while we were all kneeling, except papa, whose eyes were closed, Lex determined to torment the General who always attended to his devotional exercises, while curled up on the folds of Miss Lucinda's gown.

Either the General was very sleepy, or very devout, for Lex found no difficulty in tying a stout cord on one of his hind legs, while he fastened the other end to the knob of the half open door which rested against his chair.

Miss Lucinda was perhaps even then praying for "the young limb." And his movements did not startle her. When we rose as usual the General rose too, but did not leave

his mistress' side until later. Lex ran out in great haste causing papa to say :

"Lex is in a hurry this morning Aunt Axy."

"For de fust time massa doctor, dat boy nebber kill hisself, hurryin', nebber.

The words had scarcely left her lips before she went out closing the door after her.

Then there was a scene.

The General spit, scratched, and made a most pitiful howl, or growl, as he was dragged suddenly across the floor. Miss Lucinda, who never could see anything small without her glasses, concluded that her dear fellow had a fit, and no one dared approach the furious animal. Reggie was the first to discover the cord, and in a twinkling he pulled out his pocket knife and liberated the hero of an inglorious battle. Walter threw open the door, the General tore out mad with rage, and Miss Lucinda turned to my father speechless with indignation. Bertie began to whimper, thinking his new friend

was hurt, and the boys laughed merrily, until papa said quietly :

" Reginald, please bring Alexis to me."

But Lex was not to be found, he did not appear at dinner; and it was dark before he stole into the kitchen, and I heard Aunt Axy giving him a lecture.

" Now, Lexis, I'se a good mind to tote you in there to massa. I is indeed; he wants you mighty bad, and it seems to me chile, dat de debbil just got you in his clutches."

" I won't do it agin', marmy, I won't; you jess let me go long off to bed, an' I'll get you mighty heap o' kindlin'; deed I will. You see marmy, I hasn't no mother nor nothin', and how is I goin' to know how to be good."

This stroke of policy saved Lex. Every motherless child was sacred in her eyes, for my sake, and the young rascal knew her weak side, so he whimpered and whined

until she gave him a good supper, and let him slip off to bed.

While I sat rocking Bertie for a kind of "comfort nap" before I put him in bed, I heard Aunt Axy say in a muffled whisper:

"Now, Lexis, if you ever goes for to do such a wicked thing agin' when the massa is a habbin' prayers, de old fellow wid' de hoofs and long tail jis carry you off *shure!*"

The reckoning came next morning. Reggie and papa had the boy locked up with them for an hour, and when he came out sniffling and showing the whites of his eyes, we all concluded it would be a long time before Lex would tease the General again. But you see we did not understand the amount of mischief in that queer, woolly head.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

WE did not hear from the travellers very often, but when we did, there was general rejoicing, for every one in the family was remembered.

Walter was the only one of the boys who disliked study. He had a mania for tools of all sorts, and was very fond of covering whole sheets of paper with plans of engines, patent gates, hinges and bits of machinery without any name whatever, which the other

boys usually made fun of, and called "Wally's flying-machines."

"I don't think you care much for books Walter," I said one day, when I had tried for half an hour to explain a problem to him.

"Fact, cousin Dolly, I don't; sometimes I hate everything inside of two covers."



"Except apple-pie," said Charlie, with a laugh.

Papa was very patient with him, and always said:

"Stick to the books now, my boy, because *I* want you to, and presently you will find the kind you want, and stick to them because *you* want to."

One day when Walter had been very

stupid and a little sulky over a lesson in history, Reggie and Charlie were so vexed with him, they begged papa not to trouble himself any more, but send him to a school where he must study or be flogged.

"No, no;" said papa, "if one way of getting a thing does not agree with every one, we must find a new way. Walter will come out right; there is a niche waiting for him somewhere."

After that, every day papa gave Walter instead of a regular history lesson, something to search for, and such questions as:

"Who were the first people that used scythes, and how were the scythes made?"

"When did machinery first take the place of hand labor, in manufacturing cloth?"

"When were melted lead and stones dropped on the heads of an attacking party?"

These, and many more of far more importance, interested the boy, and in reading up for replies he became at last quite a

good historian, without thinking of the disagreeable "humbug of dates."

"You see," said papa, smiling, when Walter carried him a drawing of some old machinery — "you see, my boy, what a mine of hidden treasures we find 'inside of two covers.' I think father and mother will be proud of you yet, Wally."

Poor boy, — before a week passed he thought of papa's words, for a letter came from Col. Gresham telling us that Judge Neville had been attacked for a second time with paralysis and died almost immediately, and the sudden blow, with all the exhaustion and previous care, had prostrated Mrs. Neville. She was without doubt, insane, but only from grief; he was quite sure it would soon pass away.

"Of course," he wrote, "I cannot leave her; we have laid my poor brother's remains in a lovely spot, which I will have photographed for the boys, before I return.

"The enclosed letter for your daughter

I found lying on Allie's desk, and although not finished, I send it, for she expresses her gratitude and regard far better than I can possibly do."

I read it with my eyes filled with tears. At the close, she said:

"You can never know, dear girl, at least I hope you never will, what this separation costs my brother and myself, especially with such a state of affairs at home. I went into Charlie's room on Sunday evening, and there I found him with our boys' pictures spread out on the table before him. 'Well, Allie,' he said, trying to smile, 'I think I would willingly give half of all I own, to see the five dear rogues to-night for one hour.' Then we studied them all — Reggie's dear wise face, always a trifle sober; Charlie's laughing, roguish eye; Walter's scowl and firm mouth; Ned's mischievous, dimpled phiz, and the dear baby's dreamy, sad, sweet countenance.

"Our precious boys; how blessed we are in finding such a home for them, and such loving, thoughtful care! Those little printed letters of Bertie's are actually kissed and folded away next my brother's heart.

"We find many here who think the South right and the North much to blame. I cannot decide, nor am I called upon to, but my brother is strong in his belief that 'Union means more than sections.' There is madness, and wrong-doing on both sides, how will it all end?

"Keep our darlings with you as much as you can, dear Dolly, but do not let them weary or worry you now in your fresh, young girlhood. Boys are always thoughtless, but generally kind-hearted."

Then followed some suggestions and more thanks.

It was very hard for the Neville boys to realize that they should never again see their devoted father, and Ned and Reggie

were in deep grief over his loss. Papa was very kind to them, and tried in every way to bid them hope for their mother.

In a few weeks the news of Sumter came like a bomb-shell to our little family, and all the confusion and misery seemed centred about Washington. Rumors of all sorts floated about; the story which was announced at breakfast as a fact, was contradicted before dinner as utterly false.

For one week papa had a hard time with his pupils. It was almost impossible to study. The streets were filled with men talking in excited tones, and soldiers seemed everywhere present.

As the days and weeks went on, matters grew worse and worse. Old friends became bitter enemies, and "Union" and "Secesh," were common words. Wives separated from husbands, and brothers and sisters did not speak. Even in church the bitterness displayed itself.

Little by little we became accustomed to

the taunts and sneers of our old neighbors. The boys had decided opinions of their own, as well as their elders.

Charlie declared that "they had no right to meddle with the South; if she wanted to live by herself, why not?"

Walter "did not see why people should be killed because a few others wanted their own way."

Reggie thought "my country far grander than my state."

Ned "wished he could get home and secure some of his treasures," and one and all were anxious except the war-like Alexis.

Papa, a Union man to his heart's core, kept us at our best, and gave us good advice about guarding our lips. It was almost impossible to tell whether those about you were friends or foes.

Mr. Thorpe, our old rector, left suddenly and went South where he became chaplain of a regiment. Harry, his son, enlisted in one of our own regiments and took his mother's

blessing with him. I never felt worse than when Harry left; he had been my music-teacher ever since I could stretch an octave, and many happy hours we had in our old church, he playing the organ as few could play, after I had thumped out a lesson.

Mrs. Thorpe could not stay in her once happy home alone, and she too left to visit friends in Connecticut. Her house was taken by a surgeon, Dr. Miller, who was ordered on special duty for the government. His wife was a charming woman, and the only son Dick, a boy about Reggie's age, soon became a great favorite at our house. He was a wide-awake, fun-loving specimen of Young America — the true Young America — not the coarse, noisy, rude, swaggering type, which some people call by that name. His father was considered a superior surgeon, and he and papa became warm friends.

As for Dick, he was in and out at our house like the other boys, and papa often

said he believed our lads knew quite as much about the movements of the army, and the latest "orders," as most of the army officers.

Lex grew valiant, and was often heard giving Aunt Axy a description of wonderful things he had seen on his way to market or back. The show and parade pleased him, and many times poor "Aunty" was compelled to wait for some needed article from the store, because Lex had paused by the way to see "some drefful pretty sojers, but I done tell ye marmy, we has better ones down Souf."

One member of our household suffered deeply from this excitement, and that was little Bertie. He had never been quite strong, and as the spring advanced his appetite grew less and less, until it became a regular question in the family:

"What can we get new for Bertie?"

Every day we hoped he would be better to-morrow, but the little fellow grew worse, and finally ill.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS LUCINDA TO THE RESCUE.

"PLEASE sing again, Cousin Dolly; it takes the ache away," said Bertie, as the study clock struck one, and all was still in the house.

"Where is the ache, dear?"

"In my head now, but it is better when you sing."

I had only time to sing "Little Travellers Zionward," which was one of his favorites, about half through, when I felt a hand on

my shoulder. The room was dimly lighted, and I turned quickly to see Reggie.

"Give him to me please," he said, "this will never do; you have not slept at all as you promised. Darling, will you come to brother? cousin Dolly will be sick, too."

"Yes, take me quick, Reggie, and please don't let my head keep slipping down way Ned does. Cousin Dolly holds me like Auntie Neville; will it hurt her to hold my hand when it aches very hard?"

"No, pet," I answered, "Dolly will hold it."

"Where is the pain, little brother?" asked Reggie, trying very hard, I knew by the sound of his voice, to hide his feelings.

"Most times it is my head, but my legs are pretty achy, too. Do the soldiers' legs ache when they are cut off, Reggie?"

Poor little fellow, the misery and agony of war never left him; he was in the very midst of it.

"They ache very hard, I suppose, dear."

"But they never cry, do they? Lex took me close up to the window when they were sick one day, and they didn't cry they just made a noise so ——"

The child groaned, and we both knew he was trying to be brave and bear his pain like a soldier. I put cool napkins on his burning head, and held his hand, while Reggie rocked him gently. By and by he fell asleep, but moaned constantly.

"Oh! Reggie," said I, "we must get him away from here. I cannot bear it any longer; this dreadful war will madden us all yet. Do let us find some cool, quiet place and insist on papa's going; he will if Dr. Miller and Dr. Howard ask him to."

I was crying like a great baby then, for the moans of the little sufferer cut me like a knife.

"I know so little of the North," said Reggie, sadly, "it is a land of strangers to us you know, but I will go anywhere, do

anything which the doctor advises. You must stay here with your father."

"But Reggie, he could not do without me, the child has clung to me from the first, and I could not do without him."

"I won't trouble her," said Bertie, rousing up, and staring about in a frightened way. "Let me stay with cousin Dolly; don't send me away; don't! don't!"

"Bertie, my little darling, you are not going from me. See, I am holding your hand, and I will never leave you until you are our merry little boy again."

The child sank back exhausted, while Reggie and I asked, with our eyes, "What shall we do?"

"Children," said a voice in the doorway, "may I come in?"

"Yes, please," I answered, and in came Miss Lucinda, with a shawl over her long night-dress.

"Dolly," said she slowly, as she bent over and touched the burning cheeks, "it is rather

early in life for you two to be having sickness and trouble, and I've been thinking—"

"Oh, Miss Lucinda," I said, "trouble came to Reggie and I long ago; I feel as if I had lived a hundred years now."

Miss Lucinda only coughed, and went on:

"I've been thinking of my cottage down there at the Farms, it is all shut up, and of no earthly use; it is a small cage, so to speak, and only good natured birds could live in it. Now if you was a mind to live a little less genteel, and have a bed in the parlor for your pa, Reggie could sleep on my sofa bedstead, you could have the front chamber with the baby, and the boys and I could scatter round, there is room enough such as it is, and we could swing Josiah's hammock in the shed if need be. It never was built for fashionable folks but the sea air is just as reviving as if it was."

"Oh, Aunt Lucinda" I said, giving her a good hug, "you are a fairy god-mother, nothing could be better, only think of it Reggie, giving up

her precious nest, with all her little treasures to such a crowd of people! Aunt Lucinda, you're a saint, a jewel, a blessing!"

"I am afraid the Lord of all wouldn't agree with you," said the good soul, winking very fast, "but it doesn't need the eyes of a saint to see that our little boy is pining and as to the doctor, this heat and flurry is too much for him, he has only taken one cup of coffee for a fortnight."

In a moment my heart was filled with dread.

"He sleeps well," I said; "I ran down for some aconite for Bertie about an hour ago, and he did not waken. Now you speak of it, he has not seemed quite so strong. Oh, Aunt Lucinda, let us get away as soon as we can."

"The sooner the better," said she; "one day is as good as forty for packing up."

"But the house will not be aired," I said, remembering papa's caution about such things.

"As to that," said the faithful, unselfish, blessed old maid, "I took that all into account last week, and it's all settled as soon as your pa says go. You see, I saw how things were going, so I wrote to Josiah, and he wrote back he could go right to work, and put up a little room for cooking, and make a dining-room of my kitchen, and a parlor of the sitting-room, and there we are all right. He has some hammocks ready for the boys if they want them, and by the time we could get there he will have a good clean boat fitted up. Such as it is, it is yours, and welcome. I only got Josiah's letter this afternoon, and I designed laying it before your father in the morning."

"What rent can we pay?" asked practical Reggie.

"That is for the doctor to decide," said she, briefly.

"I do think Aunt Lucinda that you are the best woman living," I said eagerly.

"Why Reggie, it is very fashionable down there now, and only last summer she refused a fancy price for this very cottage; but she would not let it, for it was full of things her father and brother brought from sea."

"Folks make foolish remarks sometimes, Miss Dolly, and I hope I'm not quite a heathen if I am nothing but a Yankee old maid. The truth is, I am kind of hankering for the salt water myself; and the General will be only too glad to go down to Josiah's fishing boat.

"And now my advice is, to put that sick child on the bed, and have Miss Dolly lie down 'long side of him, and hold his hand if need be."

Bertie had grown quiet while we were talking, so Reggie and I took her advice. The child roused a little as we put him down and called "Dolly;" my "yes dear," seemed to comfort him and he dozed again. Reggie went back to his room begging me

to call him if Bertie was restless again, but the aconite had its effect, and I too slept a little without undressing.

The next morning as soon as I heard Aunt Axy about, I crept softly away from the little fellow and ran down to papa, there I curled up on the bed and told him about Miss Lucinda's proposal. He was very still for a few moments, and then when I asked impatiently "If he didn't think it perfectly glorious," he said quietly:

"It does look like an open door to us Dolly, but you didn't think of the bother your cripple would be."

Dear heart, he was always so afraid of making trouble. Then I cuddled my head down close to his, and we talked and talked, until it was time for me to help him dress.

Bertie was very quiet all day, and the boys took turns staying with him while Reggie, Miss Lucinda and I, packed up; we decided not to tell the dear sick one until we were nearly ready.

Dr. Miller came in about noon and gave him a tonic, but said over and over again how delighted he was to have us go. Dick bustled in soon after, exclaiming:

"I say now, what is all this about the Beach? who dares to run off without my permission?"

"Six little Rebels" said Ned, who was putting the school-books into a wooden box, "that is the name the ragamuffins gave us yesterday when we went out for our walk."

"Where do you get six?" asked Dick, laughing.

"Oh they count Lex," said Ned, "and the truth is, he started it, for Charlie and I found out last night that the young rascal had been giving a free lecture down at the corner store, with a fish barrel for a platform."

"Yes, and Mr. Harrison told us he had a great deal to say about 'his young gemen who were all good southeners and 'spised Yankee doings,'" said Charlie.

"Whew! What did Reg, and the doctor say to that?"

"Oh, we didn't tell the doctor, but Reg was awfully provoked and gave the cub a good scare."

Dick laughed merrily.

"The truth is, said Ned, that Lex is a spoiled boy, he used to make speeches for us at home, on all kinds of questions, but we never dreamed of his attempting it up here. Toss us that Cæsar will you Dick?"

A short time after, Dick came to my assistance. I was busy putting Bertie's clothes in the large tray of my trunk, and had quite forgotten that summer dresses would take up all the room.

"Dick always sees the loose screw," Walter says, for everything is machinery with him, and I think Wally is right about it.

"I told Dick once, he owed his cleverness to his mother; the few boys I have seen who have been much with their mothers, always seem to think of all the *little things*, and it is just

these little things which make the big ones work well; papa said that once, and I remembered it."

"Now Dolly," said Dick getting down on the floor by my side, "will you permit 'yours truly' to suggest?"

"Of course I will, but what do boys know about packing trunks?"

"Heaps, Miss Warrington, heaps, especially when boys have been away to school, and do that sort of thing semi-annually."

"Well Dick, proceed."

"In the first place you will take a hand bag?"

"Yea, verily."

"Well then, put into it now, such traps as you will require on the way, sleeping uniform, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, well, that is already done."

"Then put the things you will want first, on the very top of your trunk."

"It shall be done, oh, wise king."

"Don't be saucy now, or I'll leave."

"Well, now, let me see how the bottom is packed."



"Why there is nothing in there yet. I left it until the last," I said.

"I dare say, just like a girl, beg pardon, a young lady, who has never travelled."

Such a time as we had packing that trunk: I had to leave several times to care for Bertie, and every time I came back there was Dick on his knees, with his coat off, shoving things into corners, and actually *making* room when I thought it was full. All the time he worked he kept up such ridiculous nonsense, and made so much fun of the things I thought "really necessary," that I left several out entirely, and was thankful that the "upper deck" as he called the top of the trunk was packed full of all a girl's "frills" and "furbelows," before he came in, and that I would not let him touch. My work-box and writing-desk took up so much room he declared I would have to charter a special car for the rest, but all went in finally, and it was real good in Dick to help me, for my shoulders ached from holding Bertie.

After he had packed my "traps" as he called them "snug and ship shape," he went down-stairs for a bit of fun with papa.

CHAPTER VIII.

FLITTING.



ONLY two days after, all was ready and we were up bright and early at the "Woodbox." Dr. Howard had been in and heartily approved of our plans. Before Aunt Axy had time to make her kitchen fire, Mrs. Miller's cook came over with some delicious rolls, and some fruit for our breakfast.

"Jiss like her," said Aunt Axy, "she's a

born lady, yer white trash nebber thinks of dese yere doings, say we don't want to make fire if we's be shuttin' up de house, an de cook will fin' 'nough to do, does ye mind that Miss Dolly? Ole culled folks some count long dese yere New York ladies."

Before I could finish with papa, Dick came in with a platter of hot steak, and the doctor's boy followed with a pot of steaming chocolate.

"Hurry up doctor, bustle round Dolly, here's a pot of my mother's best French chocolate, take it in liberal quantities, early in the morning."

"Bless that boy," said my father, as I gave the last touch to his hair, "he brings good cheer in his voice without anything in his hands."

"Dick, your mother is too good for anything," I said, school girl fashion, after Miss Lucinda had relieved him of his burden.

"Is she? Really, you are complimentary, but I've always had a suspicion she was

good enough to be *my* mother," and then the saucy fellow strutted about a little with his thumbs in his vest.

"Bertie wants you," called Ned over the stair-way.

"Does he? excuse me then fair maid, I have a higher call," and away he went up to my pet.

Bertie was very fond of him, and his sensitive little heart seemed to dread any more partings; he was lying on my bed, all ready for our early start, and in his pretty blue wrapper he looked like a picture, rather than a poor sick baby. The contrast between his hair and eyes was quite uncommon, and his suffering had made him prettier than ever. Reggie had been with him while I was busy, but Reggie was more quiet than ever of late; the family sorrows were always with him, and it was very hard for him to cheer up the little fellow, when as Ned said, he "was always looking in a grave-yard."

"Oh Dick, do go too," said Bertie, as he

entered the room. Reggie would have said, "poor child," and brought a flood of tears, but Dick's hearty:

"Well now, I call that rough, Bertie, no one has asked me before, no one wants me but you, and see here, between you and I and Aunt Axy's meeting bonnet I mean to come down there sometime, just to punish them."

"Will you? Oh Dick, that will be so nice, there will be room in the boat for you, I know."

Reggie had been telling him that morning about the boat Josiah had made ready.

"See here Reg," said Dick, "suppose you go down and surround a roll or two, while I tell this little chap a story; the bell rang you know."

Reggie hesitated, but seeing Bertie's eagerness for the story, he went down.

"Now ship-mate come to my arms," said Dick, picking up the little fellow as tenderly

as a woman. "There now, all right? Well, here goes for a story."

What the story was no one knew but Bertie and Dick, but when I went up from breakfast to give my boy his beef tea, he was resting quietly in Dick's arms, and looking up in his face with admiration staring out of those large dark eyes.

"Oh Dolly, I do love Dick so, can't you take him with us?"

"Hush, hush, little ship-mate, not a word of that, or I won't come down and make that visit."

"We will run up the American flag when he comes, and all the flock will go out to meet him," I said, still determined to keep Bertie from breaking down.

At last all was ready; Dr. Miller and Dr. Howard took care of papa, Bertie and I, while the boys and Miss Lucinda came in another coach.

The "Woodbox" was locked up, and the

key left with the Millers. Gen. Scott was in his old travelling carriage, and Charlie took charge of him, but the funniest of all funny things was that I never thought of Aunt Axy's way of getting to the depot. I left her putting some more crackers into the lunch basket, and in the confusion I did not notice where she was. Lex was perched on the box with our driver, he was safe, that was a comfort, for generally he was out of hearing when wanted.

As soon as we reached the station I missed my old nurse and went at once to Reg with my trouble.

"Reggie Gresham, do you know we have left Aunt Axy behind?"

"Is that so? Why the old lady will miss the train, what shall I do, take a carriage and drive back?"

Papa was chatting away with Dr. Miller, and giving some charges about Eugene, who was to remain in the doctor's service. Mrs.

Miller had Bertie in her lap; Dr. Howard was saying pleasant things to the four boys, and I, well, — I was in a fidget.

"Do tell me what to do, Dr. Howard, Aunt Axy is left!" I said nervously.

"In excellent hands I see," said the doctor, pointing toward the street, and there was Dick Miller perched up in his father's buggy with Aunt Axy by his side. Dick was leaning forward pretending to drive like some of the jockeys he had seen, and Aunt Axy was laughing at him.

The old lady held a huge lunch basket in her lap, and would hardly give it up when Dick sprang out and offered her his hand with as much politeness as if she were a duchess.

"I quite envy you that boy, Mrs. Miller," said Doctor Howard as the odd pair came near our group.

"Don't, I beseech you," she said with a merry laugh; "I couldn't keep house without my tease."

Dick called a colored boy to hold his horse and soon joined us in the station.



"Mother," said he, "your occupation is becoming, go on in well doing."

"Miss Dolly thank me for picking up the

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fragments; such trifles as old faithful nurses are sometimes of value."

"Don't mind him Dolly dear," said Mrs. Miller; "he can't live without teasing somebody," but I did mind, for all the sickness, worry and hurry had made me tired and nervous, so Dick's little speech made the tears come. I was determined he should not see it, so I went up to Aunt Axy, and asked her about papa's medicine, and pretended not to care.

Dick went right on joking and laughing with everybody until innocent little Bertie remarked to Mrs. Miller, that "Dick was most as funny as the monkey at the menagerie." Even Reggie laughed then, but Dick rallied, and going up to the little fellow said:

"Yes, yes, master Bertie, and when I come down to the beach, I will show you the tricks that can win."

By some special arrangement which the doctors had made, papa's chair was carried into the cars; and after we were all seated, we

were a comfortable looking party. Dr. Miller had business in New York, and that was a comfort to papa, as he made all necessary plans for the rest of the trip.

Mrs. Miller kissed me and called me "a dear, brave girl," and Dr. Howard said "remember Dolly, I come next to papa, write me long letters little woman, and bring back a bright red rose just here, and here" — then he kissed me on each cheek and whispered something to papa. Dick said good-bye to everyone before he came to me, and then he leaned over the seat, and said:

"I say Dolly, learn to row will you? I think you can do it pretty well *for a girl*, you know; don't pout, it hides your dimples; and Dolly, take good care of Reg, he is moping about something," and then they were gone. I did want to put my head down and have a good cry, but there sat Dr. Miller looking straight at me, and every now and then papa looked so distressed I concluded that a girl with five boys and a sick

man to think of, hadn't a minute to waste in tears.

Papa stood the journey much better than we expected. Bertie was quite exhausted, but we arrived in Boston in good order and went to the Parker House where some old friends of papa's called and insisted on his remaining for a day at least. The boys spent the time in looking about the city, but Bertie seemed so homesick and miserable, I would not leave him.

Miss Lucinda would not pause by the way, so she went on to the little cottage, taking Lex with her, leaving Aunt Axy to wait upon us.

I think papa enjoyed every moment of his stay in Boston, for several of his old classmates rallied about him and showed him every attention, but it was dreary for me staying in a room in a strange house with a sick child, and Aunt Axy for company. Just before dark papa called me and said he had a treat in store. His good friend Dr. ——,

of Cambridge had been in with tickets for our whole party to see Warren at the Museum, and another friend was coming to keep papa company while we were gone.

"But I can't leave Bertie," I said, sorrowfully.

"Certainly you can; he will sleep well after his journey. Axy shall sit by his bedside and even if he wakens, he is always content to nestle in my arms."

"But papa, I don't know your friend the doctor, you know he is a famous man, and I feel just a little afraid of him, and should be sure to say the wrong thing."

"Don't think of yourself little daughter, my friend is a very kind man, or he would not have thought of taking a troop of youngsters out for an evening, and these boys of ours need the change, to say nothing of my little woman who is getting nervous and fanciful."

So we went with the great doctor, and after all I wasn't one bit afraid of him. He

had such a nice, quiet way of saying things, and told us so many little stories about Boston and Boston people that I was almost sorry to hear the music — for the first time in my life too — for music always rests me, and "tones me up" as papa says.

I had often heard people speak of Mr. Warren as very funny, but he was the very drollest of all droll men, that night. Reg had to speak to Walter several times for laughing too loud, but the doctor told him to "let him enjoy it in his own way."

When we went back to the hotel, papa and two gentlemen were telling over their college scrapes, and the doctor joined them. I think he must have been nearly as funny as Mr. Warren, for Reggie who waited up to help papa, said he never laughed so much in his life before, and papa laughed all the time he was undressing, over the queer stories his friend had told. The boys call him "The Jolly Doctor;" Reggie said he told papa we

were "as orderly and polite a party of rebels as ever marched into Boston."

When papa tried to thank him he said:

"Why bless your heart, Warrington, I never took such a delightful party to a show in my life, I had two plays before me all the time;" and then he quoted some Latin which papa laughed at, but Reggie did not quite understand.

It was delightful; and I was surprised to find that this great writer was as simple and kind as less distinguished people.

Papa said "The greater the mind the simpler the manner." It must be so.

CHAPTER IX.

LEX IN TROUBLE.



UCH a delightful spot by the sea! And it comes upon you suddenly, while you think you are still in the woods. Thanks to those dear Bostonians, we came upon it in the very prettiest way. It was a lovely morning, and I had just said to Aunt Axy: "You can't think how I dread the car ride again for papa," when Reggie tapped at my door and said papa wanted me.

I went to his room, and there I read the kindest little note you ever saw. I read it over twice before I could speak a word. It was from one of the gentlemen who had been with papa the evening before, telling him he wished to give himself the pleasure of driving down over the road in his family carriage, and two of the boys would oblige him by taking seats in another one which a friend of his would send down. "I will order a substantial lunch and we will take things easy."

Could anything be more delightful? "Why papa Warrington, what does make people say 'cold-blooded Bostonians?'"

"It is not our experience, daughter," said papa, "but I know Gresham has entertained people for weeks in Richmond, who have never had the kindness to invite him to their houses, when he has been here. Some of our western friends complain of the same thing."

"Yes, with too much reason, I fear," said

a gentleman who was waiting to take papa's answer, "as a Bostonian I am sorry for it."

"Perhaps the ladies are less hospitable" said Reggie, "you know we have not seen any of the Boston ladies yet."

"Nonsense," said I, "it is the mothers who make men noble; if the Boston men are such dear, delightful, kind souls, what must the women be?"

Never, never shall I forget that ride. It was a little bit of "kingdom come" I told papa, and when at last we reached our new home, and all the glory of the sea lay before us, I felt as little Bertie did, "afraid to shut my eyes, for fear it would all go away and be only a beautiful dream."

Inside, the house was complete; Josiah "knew what sick folks wanted," and had arranged everything for our comfort.

He was younger than Aunt Lucinda, and as brown as a berry, but from the first, I saw he was honest, brave, and tender-hearted;

and I liked him. I think he liked me too, for after tea he came up to me as I sat on the end of the piazza, and asked in a low tone, "if I would like to take a turn or two in the little craft out there?"

"Oh very much" I said eagerly, and then I remembered my boy.

"Go right along Miss Dolly," said Miss Lucinda, "the child is sound asleep, and you're not called upon to watch over his dreams."

"May I papa?" I asked, "Captain Josiah has invited me, and we will not go out of sight?"

"You will not miss me will you?"

"Go little woman, by all means, this is a rare night, and brings back my boyish love of the sea, run, off with you, and take a thick shawl. Reggie and Walter will keep me company, and I dare say the captain will find room for Charlie and Ned."

"To be sure sir, there's another boat of

mine just off that point yonder, if the other young gentlemen know how to handle an oar."

"They will keep me company to-night, thank you captain, but to-morrow, you and I will arrange to give them lessons in boating."

We went down on the beach and soon pushed off. Nothing could be more beautiful, the rock shadows, the clear moonlight, the pretty villas on shore, with lights gleaming from them, the strolling parties on the beach, the songs of other parties on the water, were like the beautiful dream Bertie spoke of.

Ned, who was seldom still, leaned over the side of the boat and trailed his hand in the water; Walter looked far away and I fancied thought of his poor mother, sick, and sorrowful in a land of strangers; and I took in all the glory and beauty, and thanked God he had let me see it, and then felt myself a very small atom in the great universe.

After the captain had rowed us about in

silence for awhile, I thought it was not very polite in us to be so still, so I tried to talk to him, but people are sure to say silly things when they talk from a sense of duty, and of course I did.

"Don't you ever get tired of rowing?"

"Not often, Miss, not round here."

"I want to learn," I said, thinking of Dick's last words.

"It will give me nothing but pleasure to teach you, Miss," said the gallant captain.

"Ned rows," said Walter, "don't you Ned?"

"Just a little, but captain, hold up a bit, didn't I hear some one call?"

"The boys foolin' on shore," said the sailor, "they never know when to quit such nights as this."

Again the captain leaned forward and took a long stroke, but he stopped suddenly:

"You are right young man," said he, "there's a sound of distress just over there

agin the point of rocks," and away he steered in that direction.

"Oh dear," I said, "I do hope our first night in this lovely spot will not begin with trouble."

"Never say 'trouble' young lady until you see it," said Captain Josiah, as he pulled with a will.

As we came near the point of rocks the old sailor muttered something under his breath and brought the boat about.

"Help hel'—we heard distinctly, and then I could see the water dancing and rippling in the moonlight.

"Nothing but a dive will do now," said the sailor, "take the oars Mr. Ned, and run her up on the beach, wait there, until I call."

It was only a few rods about the point, and Ned had only time to seize the oars when Captain Josiah went over board with a clean jump.

I was so thankful Ned knew what to do, and I was more than thankful that the moon

was hidden by a cloud so that papa could not see us when we landed.

Ned sprang out and pulled the boat up, and there we waited.



It seemed an hour to us all, but it was really a very few moments, before the captain called "all right," and then he came down over the rocks and on to the beach, bringing something, we could hardly tell what.

"There, Miss Warrington," said the captain puffing with his violent exercise, "I've fished

this black rascal up, and if he was never rolled and pounded before in his life, he has been now."

Yes, there was Lex, or all there was left of him in the captain's arms.

"Oh don't let papa and Bertie know," I said, "get him up to the house quick, but don't let them see."

"There is no call to," said the captain, "if the young men will just pull that boat up a trifle higher, I'll take him round the back way to the women folks, and we'll fix him up."

The boys and myself walked soberly up the beach determined to carry back a good report.

They were all sitting where we had left them, and I was the first to speak.

"Papa, did you ever see a more beautiful night?"

"Very lovely, daughter, and how did you enjoy your first trip on the sea?"

"It was glorious," I said, "I shall never

forget it," and all the time I shivered, as I thought of poor little Lex.

Miss Lucinda was knitting in the dark, and I said as carelessly as possible: "Your brother has gone round to the kitchen with something for you I believe," and the good soul went out at once. Walter followed her, but Ned helped me out with glowing descriptions of the water by moonlight, of the nice boat, and the beauty of the shore.

In order to give them time enough to take care of the "drowned boy," I coaxed papa to stay out a little longer and brought him some extra wrappings. It was very hard work to keep any trouble locked away from my precious father even for a few hours, but Dr. Howard had taught me how necessary it was during his sickness, and since then, little things affected his nerves as they had never done before. I curled up in my shawl on the arm of papa's chair and chattered away with my thoughts in the kitchen. By and

by Walter came back and Ned asked in the most innocent manner if Miss Lucinda's visitors had gone?

"Yes," said Walter, seeing the point at once, "the coast is clear, and Lex and Aunt Axy are in bed."

Then we all went in to prayers and some of us found our thoughts wandering to the sea, and Josiah's burden. When papa was snug and comfortable I went into Miss Lucinda's room where I found all four boys with her, talking over the narrow escape.

"I knew something was wrong as soon as Dolly spoke," said Reggie, "the tone of her voice was enough."

"Papa didn't discover it," I said.

"He probably thought as I did at first, that your new experience saddened you a little; I have heard my father say that two things always affected him to tears, one was, the music of a band, and the other, perfect silence on the water."

"But wasn't it a bare chance for life, Miss Lucinda?" I asked.

"Bare enough," she said, "but he's all right now, and if this doesn't teach him a lesson nothing will."

"How did he come there?" asked Ned.

"I reckon he heard Josiah tell the boys about the other boat and he went after it, but he won't talk much about it before to-morrow; Aunt Axy will take good care of him to-night, and I really do think it is time for all of us to be in bed."

"There is just one thing I would like to say, and that is, you had better not sit out round, evenings, much until you get used to the sea air; to-night is an uncommon warm night, for the last of June down here, but you'll often be glad enough of the open fire in the sitting-room."

"I think we are glad for everything, you dear old soul," said I, "what should we all do if it were not for this cozy home. Boys, I

mean to name it, let us call it the 'Pilgrims' Rest.'"

"'The 'Rebels' Roost,' you had better say," said Charlie, "I am sleepy enough to dream until noon."

Then we all said our good nights, and went to bed.

CHAPTER X.

GAY DOINGS.

THE next day Lex was so bright and seemed so sorry, we concluded to tell papa the whole story, for he alone could check the wayward little "imp of darkness," as Josiah constantly called him.

As Miss Lucinda suggested, the boy had heard the remark about the boat, and being always ready for adventure, started off to follow us and not being used to the rocks, he slipped and fell, and but for Ned's quick ears, and Josiah's strong arms, we should

have lost our quick-witted, but vexatious little Lex.

The first day we spent in unpacking and arranging with occasional runs down on the beach, or pauses, to admire something the boys had discovered.

Papa's room was charming. At Miss Lucinda's request, I had taken some pretty muslin curtains, and some nick-nacks from home, and it did not take us long to put them in order.

My room was the "spare room," as they call the guest chamber, in New England, and although it was very pleasant, I did bump my head several times where the roof sloped down over my bed. Bertie had a little old-fashioned trundle-bed which pushed in under mine by day, and took up most of the room by night, but the child was delighted with it and called it his "bureau bed" because it went in like a bureau drawer.

Altogether we were very comfortable, and every day seemed to give new life to little

Bertie. For one week we gave ourselves a good vacation. Our two invalids would watch us from the piazza, or listen patiently to our stories when we came in from fishing or walking.

As soon as Bertie was strong enough to go down on the beach, and be amused, Josiah proposed that we should go over on the island for a "fish fry." We were ready for anything, but how could we leave papa?

Josiah must have told him our trouble for the next day after prayers he said:

"There is one thing children, about our life here which I want you to remember; you must never hesitate about any reasonable pleasure on my account. You are young, and I want you to enjoy every moment of your lives; I know how anxious you feel about our absent ones, and I know they would wish you to look on the bright side, so learn all you can, see all you can, enjoy all you can, and I will more than enjoy hearing it from you. Bertie and I will be content to

let you strong ones do all the running, racing and rowing, while we will hear about it without any of the work."

"You will take care of Uncle doctor, won't you, Bertie?" he said, patting the curly head.

"Yes," said Bertie, doubtfully, "but Dolly will come home nights won't she?"

"Yes pet, Dolly will be here nights, and a good many days too; for next week there is a piano coming down here for her, and her music will keep her in, and make us all merry."

Dear papa, that was just like him, to order a piano for me without saying a word about it, and then to prepare Bertie for my going out with the rest.

We went to the island and had our fish fry and a real fish chowder such as I never tasted before.

The captain made it, and I insisted on taking some home to papa. The captain showed the boys how to make spoons with clam shells stuck into bits of stick, he gave

us lessons in fishing for cunners and rock-cod, told us queer stories of his sea life, and



made us so happy, it seemed to me the sun set very early out of spite, and we had promised to leave for home at sunset.

The next day Josiah took us to Baker's Island where we saw two light-houses, one larger than the other. We saw the keeper, his wife and his daughter; and the kind old gentleman took us up into the largest light-house and showed us the lamps, and told us that every night they must be re-trimmed about midnight. Down-stairs in the house where he lived he pointed to a door which his faithful dog had worn through, scratching it to wake his master at the right hour; and the old dog stood by and wagged his tail

looking from one to another of our party as much as to say:

"Yes, I did it, pretty well, for a dog."

Then the keeper's daughter interested us because her father said when he was sick, she went out and up to the lights night after night to do his work for him.

Reggie thought the government ought to give the dog a medal, and the young woman "a fat office for life." I thought very few young girls would do it, or be willing to live on that dreary island.

Another place which pleased me very much was "Pride's Crossing," there we went for our first long walk, and there we found some rare and beautiful ferns for papa's collection. We saw some lovely villas on the shore which charmed me very much for I always had a fancy for a large roomy house, but Charlie declared the 'Rebels' Roost' was a heap better for real fun."

We sat down to rest a little, not far from a neat little house, where Reggie asked for

a glass of water for me, and a good woman brought us some, asking if we would not like a drink of milk? of course we would, I was never so tired and hungry, and we all did our part to empty the large pitcher she passed out full. We offered to pay her, but she would not take a penny, saying:

"A sup of milk was no great to give anybody, but it was refreshing like if you was tired; when she was house-cleaning or drawing in mats or such like she always made it a rule to drink considerable milk."

It was very kind, and so unexpected too.

Walter said if that was a specimen of Yankees he wouldn't mind living North, but Josiah told him she was uncommon clever, she had two boys gone to war, all she had; and she was kind of fond of boys anyway.

"Well, Josiah," said I, "you think the boys won our lunch do you? Now I fancied she looked at me and liked me as well as I did her."

"Dare say Miss," said sober Josiah, who

could not understand any kind of joke, "but you see she is uncommon, most folks about here sell everything they can, and need all the pennies they can get; but some that don't need 'em want more."

One morning just as we had finished our lessons Josiah came in to see papa.

"If it's agreeable to you, doctor," he said, "I would like to take your young folks over here a piece to the Essex Woods. Deacon Wisher has lent me old Whitey, and his wagon is comfortable enough with some boards laid on for extra seats, if it ain't one of your city turnouts."

"Very kind in you captain, very kind, they will be glad to go, but you must not let them take up too much of your time."

"Well there's no call to hurry down here doctor," said the captain, twirling his straw hat about. "Time's as cheap as anything, after I've brought up my fish and sold 'em, and these young folks of yours enter right

into things with such a will, I rather enjoy it."

"Josiah, Josiah," called Miss Lucinda from the little kitchen.

"Aye, aye," answered her big brother.

"You can't think of taking the children off so far without something to eat, why you won't be back for hours."

"Well, Lucinda," said the captain with a laugh, "you're wise enough; a box of grub never comes amiss with a young crew."

So it was settled. Aunt Axy was in her glory putting up our lunch. Miss Lucinda added some weak tea, in bottles, marked "Best Brown Sherry," for she knew very well we shouldn't find any decent drinking water.

Every summer when papa and I rode about Washington and dear old Georgetown I said: "There could not be more charming drives in this world I think;" but then, I had never been "down to New England."

What a glorious day that was in the Essex

Woods. Josiah knew every rock and path it seemed to us, and we were a noisy, happy crowd, with a little heart ache back of the happiness for us older ones, for we could not forget the sad condition of Mrs. Neville, and our letters had been missing for some time. I told Ned and Reggie one day that the only way for us to do was to wait and hope, and get as much out of the weeks by the sea as we could. Ned said:

"I believe you would preach 'hope,' if the old fellow with hoofs stood by."

"Of course she would," said Charlie, "for being a girl she would dazzle the old fellow, and have her own way."

What queer things boys are, they will tease you one moment and defend you the next. Reggie generally smiles when the rest are teasing, but he never says much. If Dick could have taken that ride, what fun we should have had — speaking of teasing, always reminds one of Dick.

On our way home we had an adventure.

Josiah thought from the looks of things we had better hurry a little or we should get wet.

I was busy putting some wee little ferns in a book to press, and the boys were racing, and tearing about, while old Whitey nibbled every bush within reach. It was a little dark in the woods to be sure; but I could see the sun peeping through the trees, and it seemed foolish to be in a hurry.

"Oh dear, must we go?" I said imprudently, never thinking that it was best to follow the lead of our gallant captain.

"Well," said he good naturedly, "I don't care to spoil your fun, and that ugly looking cloud may pass round to the left; we might hang round a little longer, and then get home before dark."

"Good," shouted the boys, and off they went, before Reggie could call them back. Charlie had seen a beautiful squirrel, and they knew just where he had gone. Reggie packed the remains of our lunch in the

basket and put it in the wagon and I gathered ferns as eagerly as if I never expected to see another.

Half an hour passed, and the cloud came nearer and nearer; one hour, two hours, and still no boys; even old Whitey grew restless as the thunder rolled; Josiah walked back and forth calling and shouting to the boys. Reggie climbed a tree and gave the whistle which never failed before to rally the "rebels," and I, mortified and ashamed, packed away my ferns and put on the waterproof, which Miss Lucinda insisted on tucking under the wagon-seat.

Just as the rain began to fall, the three boys came tearing through the bushes.

"Oh Dolly! Oh Reg! such a lark! we have seen —"

"Never mind what you have seen, Ned," said Reggie, "just pile into this wagon, the captain has waited for you quite long enough."

"Put on all the coats and cloaks you can,"

said Josiah, "it is coming down pell mell in less than five minutes."

We tumbled in as fast as we could, but no one had any extra wrappings except Josiah and myself; his oil skin jacket was under the seat, ready for service if need be, and long before our runaways returned he had it on.

Whitey was vexed at the long delay, and showed it by running so fast, we had all we could do to keep on the seats which Josiah had made for the occasion.

Every flash of lightning made the woods seem darker than before, and as Josiah said, in less than five minutes the rain fell in torrents. The boys huddled together and tried to keep dry, but it was useless. At Ned's hint I took my pretty sun hat off and hid it under the shawl which covered or tried to cover our laps, where we sat on the back seat.

We had all seen thunder showers, but never before a regular thunder *storm*. The trees crashed and bent with the terrible wind,

the lightning zig-zagged all about us, and the thunder rolled, and whirled, and growled, and bellowed in our very ears. Dozens of times we were sure that the lightning struck very near us, and poor Whitey was so terrified, Josiah, who was a better sailor than horseman, could hardly control him. Reggie, who had been trained to manage horses, begged permission to take the reins, but the sturdy old sailor hung on for dear life, and would not give up.

No shelter was near, and the only course was to keep on through the darkness, and pitiless storm, until we reached an opening where we remembered a friendly barn.

It was a terrible ride, and all the way I blamed myself for it; and strained my eyes to see before us; why, I could hardly tell, but it seemed to me we were rushing into danger.

"Reggie, there is something coming," I said just before we reached a turn in the road, "I hear voices." Hardly had I uttered the words, before crash went our wheels, and

out of the darkness came an angry voice exclaiming:

"Can't you see where you are driving to, man?" And there we were, with locked wheels, frightened horses, and in the midst of a furious storm.

The angry man was a countryman, with a low open wagon and a woman by his side, wrapped up so we did not know what it was until she spoke.

"Be patient Will, be patient; don't you see he has a big load, and the storm in his eyes?"

"See!" said the man, "I'm not a telescope — whoa, Dandy, be still, you rascal."

Reggie went to old Whitey's head and patted him, and Ned did the same for the stranger's Dandy, while the two men and the other boys managed to free the wheels, by waiting for flashes of lightning to help them see the real condition of things. Josiah said little, but worked; and I think no one was more thankful than he when we drove up once more to the cottage door.

CHAPTER XI.

RUFUS CHOATE AND WONDERLAND.



OSIAH! well I never!" so said Miss Lucinda, as she came to help us out. "What did you think of yourself to keep these poor children out so? I dare say Miss Dolly has caught her death."

"I am all right," I exclaimed, "and I am to blame."

"No she isn't, we are," said the boys.

"Well, well, if I ever," said Miss Lucinda fairly dragging me into the house.

"All right, papa," I said, standing on a mat to drip, "were you worried?"

"A trifle anxious dear, but get dry and we will hear about it."

"Look papa," I said, holding up all there was left of my pretty sun hat, with its wreath of daisies, now a bunch of soft pulp, and nothing more, for the rain had poured in everywhere.

"Too bad, daughter, but run now all of you, take a brisk rubbing, and a cup of Miss Lucinda's ginger tea, which she has kept waiting for you, and then for a full account of your journey."

Away we scampered. Bertie wanted a kiss and a hug, but the poor little fellow had to wait until I shed my suit.

Walter declared after we were all dressed and went down that he didn't want to be "Molly-coddled," and drink ginger tea, but Reggie told him it was a slight thing to do,

to please the doctor, so he swallowed it, but made up fearful faces.

Then we went in and told papa our story, each one adding a little, but it was not until its close that we found out what had kept the boys.

"So the delay, the wetting, the danger, were all owing to three of my boys running after squirrels was it?"

"No sir," said Ned, "we started for a squirrel, but we found a fellow cutting wood, who told us if we wanted to see the sight which all strangers went for, we must keep on and then turn."

"And we saw it," shouted Charlie, "saw it, and I am glad, if we did get a ducking."

"Yes, and we are going again some day, and go into it," said Walter.

Papa laughed, and so did Reggie and I.

"My dear boys," said papa, "will one of you talk at a time, and please tell us *what* you saw which gave you so much pleasure?"

"The house where Rufus Choate was

born, the great lawyer papa likes so much, and whose picture hangs in the office at home," said Ned.

"It was a shame Reggie didn't go, for he is always reciting some of his speeches," said Charlie.

"Reggie and I will go some day by ourselves," said I laughing, "and leave you boys to wait in the woods for us."

"Well," said papa, "even this adventure will teach you something of the duty you owe your elders; if Josiah's council had been of sufficient weight, I should have had my flock about me at tea time; but all is well that ends well, eh, Ned?"

Not one of us took cold; that was a comfort; and as to my hat, why, it gave us another frolic, for we all went with Miss Lucinda over to Salem, to buy a new one, and get our pictures taken before we burned any more.

The shade hat did not trouble us much, for we found a cheap one ready trimmed, and

as soon as we were "done" at the photographer's we started out to see the sights.

We went to "Gallow's Hill," where the witches were hung, and saw the house where they were tried, and spent a good hour in the museum, where the boys nearly went crazy over the wonders from foreign countries. We left them there while Miss Lucinda and I made a call on an old friend of hers, who lived in a queer old house all by herself, and had three big bolts and a chain on every door. The furniture was so old and odd, I wanted to ask questions, but did not dare to.

I had a glass of milk and some little seed cakes for my lunch, while the two ladies sipped tea out of some dear little china cups, which Miss Priscilla said her grandfather brought over himself years and years ago.

Everything in Salem seemed "years and years ago" to me — the houses and many of the people. All the portraits on Miss Priscilla's wall were painted "years and years ago," the silver was so old I felt ashamed of

being so young, and at last, when Miss Priscilla unbolted another door, and ran with little dancing steps across the garden, and brought in an old, old lady to see Miss Lucinda, it seemed to me that it was a real disgrace to be young, and bright, and wear shade hats with daisies, for all they talked of was "the good old days," and "her mother's father, and his second wife's first cousin." I found out one thing while they were talking, and that was, that almost everybody in Salem was related, and they didn't like "new people," and "new things."

After all I liked it; the talk, and the queer old house, and the brasses, and the sideboard, and the old-fashioned women who said "little dear," to me.

I am tired of hearing so much about the witches, it always makes me shiver and feel sad, but I do like those tall three story houses which like the "Excelsior" "keep getting on, upper and upper."

I ate my seed cakes in an old chair, more

than two hundred years old, and my feet rested on a stool made out of a cradle which belonged to one of the old Governers.

"I asked Miss Priscilla if she supposed he cried just like other babies?"

She laughed a kind little laugh, and said: "she supposed he did, and had to take 'mint tea' to stop him."

The old, old lady they called "Hitty," asked Miss Lucinda if I was old enough to sense it when my mother died.

Lucinda said something in a low voice, whereupon both of them shook their heads, and said, "poor little dear," as if I were a baby, instead of a girl in my teens, and "papa's housekeeper."

When we came away, Miss Priscilla gave me a bit of pink coral, which some of her ancestors brought home, and I thanked her, and she said:

"Come again, little dear, come again, and look at the old things, if you don't mind an old woman."

When we went back to the museum and told the boys, Reggie said Salem "was a regular treasure house of antiquities, a real wonderland," he had heard his father say; and he wished he could call on Miss Priscilla, but the other boys said the museum was worth a hundred old houses, and all the known countries put together, and old women were plenty everywhere; they liked the museum best.

When we went home that evening, we found papa's Boston friend there, and he insisted on hearing our stories just as papa would do, so we told everything, "seed cakes" and all.

"Well, well, doctor," said he, "this old Commonwealth of ours will be a new Historical work to your young people, you must spare them some day and I will show them still greater wonders in the 'City of Peace,' she has been the mother of many brave and notable men and women." Papa thanked him, and I was delighted.

Reggie came in while he was there, with the evening paper, and passed it to me. I knew at once there was something he wanted me to see and not speak of. Bertie was in my lap, and I managed to glance at the page near me, and saw the name of "Thorpe," with this brief mention:

"There is now no reason to doubt the truth of a former despatch, to the effect that young Lieutenant Thorpe was fatally wounded in a recent engagement. He was a young man of great promise, and entered the Union Army from a sense of duty, while his father entered the Confederate service as a chaplain. We are told that the sorrowing wife and mother spends all her time in our hospitals caring for the sick and wounded."

It was hard work to keep the tears back as I read the short paragraph. I recalled every music lesson at home, or in the old church, his patience with all my blunders, his wonderful love of music, his devotion to his mother, and for a moment it seemed to me I

must scream from the pain and grief. Reggie saw my trouble and remarked that Bertie was up late for a sick boy, this helped me and I asked to be excused. It seemed to me that Bertie was never so restless, and would never stop talking, but at last he was quiet and I could think. Papa's friend was in the little parlor, and I slipped down quietly without being seen, and went out to the beach where I stayed until I feared papa would be troubled. When I returned I found papa had promised his friend that we should go out with him to see a yacht race, but I said, "I could not go, I was too unhappy," and then papa listened to the sad story of poor Harry Thorpe. He was much affected, but begged me to get his writing materials and let him write at once to our dear old friend and neighbor Mrs. Thorpe, while we went out for a stroll on the beach.

It was now several weeks since we had heard from Col. Gresham, or Mrs. Neville; the last letters mentioned the critical condi-

tion of the latter, and the statement of her physicians, that her mind was much affected by all she had gone through; they hoped much from her youth and good constitution.

"Boys," said I, "let us go down to the point of rocks, and hold a consultation," and we all strolled down soberly, just as much oppressed with the horrors of war, and our own troubles, as any grown up company of men and women.

"Boys" said I, when I saw they were all waiting for me to talk, "don't it seem a little mean for us to go on having good times day after day, when our old friends and neighbors are wounded and suffering? What can we do?"

"Something, anything," said Reggie, "this living in peace and quiet, while others are dying, or worse than dying, is selfish."

"What could a lot of boys like us do?" asked Charlie, who always liked to count me in as one of the boys.

"I don't know," said I, "but I was think-

ing of poor Harry to-night, while Bertie was going to sleep, and it seemed to me I would be very happy if I only knew some one had been kind to him, and made him comfortable."

"They had no business to have the war," said Ned, "somebody ought to suffer, but I am just as sorry for the innocent ones."

"Oh Ned, dear," I said, with tears in my eyes, as I thought of poor Mr. Thorpe, who was so sure he was right, and of Harry, who was just as sure of his course, "it won't do as papa says, to question what might have been, or who is right, and who is wrong, the question is, what can we do to help the victims?"

"Cousin Dolly is right," said Reggie, "if we are young, we can do something, the question is what shall it be?"

"Papa is writing to Mrs. Thorpe," I said, "now if we could only agree to do some useful work, I could ask her to tell us what she needed most, and we could spend an hour or two every day working for the soldiers; any

soldiers we can find to help, it doesn't matter which side."

"The fellows who are going down to my home to kill our old neighbors, and the fellows who come up here to kill yours," said Walter.

"The men who suffer on either side, Wally," I said, "your uncle, or my Harry Thorpe."

They were all still for a few moments, and then Reggie said:

"Cousin Dolly we will sign an agreement if you say so, to keep all personal feelings out of the question, and all do as you say, work for the soldiers everywhere, if circumstances keep us North, our duty is here, and we will try to do it. I think papa would wish it boys," he said in a lower tone.

That night we all signed the following paper, and I wrote a slip and added it to Mrs. Thorpe's letter.

"We the undersigned, children and wards of Dr. Warrington, agree to do all in our

power to relieve the sick and wounded soldiers during the present civil war, with the advice and consent of our guardian. We do not recognize, nor will any of our number mention 'North' or 'South' but speak of, and work for, our *fellow-countrymen* wherever we find them needing assistance.

" Dolly Warrington,
" Reginald Gresham,
" Edward Gresham,
" Walter Neville,
" Charles Neville,
" BERTIE GRESHAM."



When little Bertie heard us talking about it, and saw the paper, he was so grieved because his name was not down, that papa gave

him a pen and he printed it.

After it was all done, papa said he felt rather proud of his "*six little rebels.*"

By papa's advice we all went out with his friends in the yacht, although I confess I did not want to go, and had been dreaming all night of poor Harry.

It was a beautiful day, and a beautiful sight. I never saw an ocean race before, and the boys were delighted, even Reggie was gayer and happier than he had been for weeks.

The vessels seemed like great birds as they spread their sails and flew away.

We had a nice collation on board, and the young people who went with us were very polite and kind.

One young girl about my age, amused me very much by asking me if I didn't hate the southerners? Her name was Lillian, and she was very pretty, but Ned said she was under orders not to touch her light suit

against anything, and that made her keep fussing about her dress.

Reggie said it was not her fault, for her mamma kept repeating:

"Lillian, my dear, that side is quite wet," or, "Lillian, my love, hold your flounce on your skirt away from the rope."

I suppose she thought my plain travelling dress very homespun, very, but I did not need to look after it, and papa says clothes are not designed as a torment, and it is our fault if we make them so.

We reached home in good season, and I fairly dreaded looking at the evening paper again.

In a few days we received a letter from Mrs. Thorpe, just such a letter as I thought she would write, full of patient resignation. I wished over and over again, I could be so good and gentle; I knew I could not, for I felt so wicked about Harry's death, and over and over I said, "Oh dear, I wish the war would end now."

She sent us this message about our work.

"Bless you my dear children for thinking of our sufferers; the half is not told. If you can beg old cotton and linen, make bandages, hem handkerchiefs, or get up some soft carpet slippers, you will help very much. We do not need dainty articles, but strong and serviceable. Dolly is a pretty good judge, after her sad experience in a sick room. Whatever you send, pack in a barrel, and direct to me, and I will unpack and distribute them myself."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEACE SISTERS.

AFTER that, we worked for the soldiers every day. As we did not know many people we could not beg much, but Josiah and Miss Lucinda begged for us, and one day when papa asked Reggie and me to ride over to Salem to get a draft cashed for him, we went to see Miss Priscilla, and found her busy knitting socks for the soldiers; she said every one of them should go in our barrel, and what was more, she would "scurry round" and get ever so many of

her friends to send things too, you are so sure of them getting to the right ones.

She sent us to a store where she traded to get some bits of carpet for slippers, which she cut out; basting up one pair, so we should be sure to get them right.

Papa said if Miss Priscilla urged us to stay, or we could find anything to interest us, we might stay until a late afternoon train, but I must pin my money inside the waist of my dress. I did so, and we staid to dinner, because Miss Priscilla said it seemed necessary, if we expected to send a barrel to Mrs. Thorpe.

After dinner we went with her to the three sisters, Miss Betty, Miss Sally, and Miss Polly.

I think some boys might have smiled, but Reggie didn't, although they did look very funny, all three sitting on a long, straight-backed sofa.

A woman almost as old as they were, —

how old I could not guess, — opened the door and showed us in.

"These are the southern children, are they?" said Miss Polly, the youngest of the sisters.

"Yes, two of them," said Miss Priscilla, "this is the doctor's daughter Lucinda sets such store by, and this is one of the young gentlemen from Richmond."

After they had talked with us a little while, Miss Polly said, if we liked old things she would take us up to "Sir's" chamber which had been kept just as it was for sixty years.

I couldn't think who "Sir" could be, but Miss Priscilla whispered: "he was their grandfather, deary, an old school gentleman, one of the best."

Such a queer, queer room. The bed went up to the ceiling, and had green and white curtains all around it, and the quilt was of silk, with big figures all over it. I thought if I had to sleep there, I should need Jo-

siah's steps to get in. There was a queer old chest in the room, full of old-fashioned dresses and clothing, and when Miss Betty called over the stair-way, "Here's the key to the waistcoats Polly;" Miss Polly took it and showed them to our wondering gaze.

Waists worn by their grandmothers, vests by their grandfathers, keepsakes, hundreds of years old, flasks and silver spoons, old rings and pewter cups, and little love letters, old and yellow.

"Who did save them all?" asked Reggie.

"All of us for years and years," said Miss Polly, "and we don't show them to everybody my dear."

"You are very kind," said Reggie, "I never saw anything like them before."

"But yours is a very old family," said Miss Polly, looking at Reg, — who certainly was very good looking — with a smile, "a good family, and a handsome one."

Reggie looked puzzled.

"Oh yes, my dear, I know all about you,

for Lucinda was always telling us about the Warringtons and Greshams, so sister and I looked it up, and sure enough, our families were connected away back in the 'Colonial' times, so you see you are quite one of us, and very welcome to our poor little show. As to Miss Dolly, her father and our only brother were class mates; he has been dead for years, poor boy, but we love all his old friends, and you seem to belong to us as it were."

I was so thankful Ned and Charlie were not there, for they would have smiled at the idea of our belonging to these three queer old ladies. Reggie seemed to like it; and I am sure I did, for I cannot help thinking when I see old ladies, how I shall look some day, and these old ladies were so kind to us, and so gentle to each other, I loved to watch them.

Miss Betty was so very, very deaf, the others had to scream to her, and whenever Reggie or I spoke, they took turns in repeat-

ing it to Miss Betty, who always nodded and smiled.

Just before we went down-stairs, Miss Polly whispered:

"You needn't mention about the relationship to the girls my dears."

"The girls," I repeated, wondering.

"Yes dear, the sisters, down-stairs; Betty has quite set her heart on finding you all out before she speaks of it."

She seemed so old, so very old herself, that I could not help smiling when she said "girls."

Then we went down-stairs, and Miss Betty told us stories, while all four women clicked their needles, knitting stockings for our soldiers.

Such queer, funny stories as she told of the long ago, and true ones too,— I can only remember one now, and that was in the old times, when men were put in prison for debt.

One man who owed another, must hide

away, and only come out on Sunday, because Sundays they could not be arrested.

Miss Betty said that an old Salem man who used to live "just over there," failed; so he shut himself up in his house, and one day one of his creditors called and asked for some money.

"I can't pay, I have failed, he called out," but the creditor knew he could, and as he went out, he wrote over the door, with a bit of chalk:

"A Freeman lives here,
A Freeman, they say,
A Freeman to run in debt,
But not a Freeman to pay."

In a few moments a great crowd gathered about, and made so much disturbance the "freeman" was glad to come out, pay the bill, and rub off the disagreeable verse.

It was quite hard to leave the sisters, but Miss Priscilla hurried us a little in order to

show us the birth-place of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the house of Seven Gables, or the one which passes for it. Then she told us about Prescott the historian, Bowditch, and Story, and other famous men who once lived here. I told Reggie I felt as if I had swallowed a history of the United States, on the spot where it was made, but he laughed and said: "the old city is worth a journey from Richmond to see."

When we reached our little station we found "the rebels" there to receive us.

"Oh, boys!" I said, "such a glorious time!"

"Not a bit pokey?" asked Ned.

"See any machinery?" asked Walter.

"Where's my fish line?" asked Charlie.

"Forward march," said I, as the twins took their places on either side of me, "now not a story of any sort until we get home."

Papa found his money all right and gave Reggie and me each a dollar for our services, with the promise that Ned and Charlie should go next time.

The brightest, nicest days always seem to have a cloud at sunset, and our day ended in sadness.

Papa had at last received a letter from Col. Gresham; it was dated Florence, and was written long before we left our home. The physicians had given up all hope of Mrs. Neville's return to reason; her mind seemed completely shattered and her brother had found some American friends, who would look after her, in the quiet, pleasant retreat he had found for her. If she showed the slightest improvement, these friends would send her under the best possible escort to America, if not, it was better for her to remain where she was. Col. Gresham would leave for home by the next steamer, and hoped soon to see his dear children.

"Tell Allie's boys they are as my own, and tell them also, I shall never despair while their mother lives. No one in our family ever suffered from insanity, and poor Allie is only dazed with the multitude of her sor-

rows, the separation from her children, the loss of her husband, and the terrible condition of affairs at home. I must go to Richmond and look after my business there, as soon as I have seen you all."

It was August, now, and all this time had passed without any tidings. Where Col. Gresham was, we did not know; and one night of suspense followed after another as we looked over the papers and turned away disappointed.

I have said before that Charlie and Walter Neville were, although twins, entirely unlike; their trouble brought out the difference. Charlie was nervous and irritable, Walter sad and silent, but both worked harder than ever in our "Hospital Club."

About this time, a letter from Dick Miller came like a blessing; it was addressed to Reggie but included the family. He wrote:

"I am coming to your beloved friends for a day, or longer if you will have me. Dolly did not ask me, but the doctor did, and lo!

I come. Keep shady, Bertie, we know a secret or two."

It seems that papa who was always planning something to make other people happy, had sent for Dick to spend August with us, and he was coming.

Mrs. Miller had been called to New York, and the doctor was as usual very busy attending to his duties.

The very next day while I was playing for papa, and the boys were all out fishing, in marched Dick.

Bertie, who was piling up clam shells to make a fort on the piazza, saw him first, and screamed out:

"Oh Dick, oh Uncle doctor, oh Dolly," and in a moment Dick had him in his arms.

"My dear boy," said papa, "you are welcome, and welcome again," and then the two had a good old-fashioned hug.

As for me, Dick merely took my hand and said:

"Sorry to interrupt Beethoven, Dolly.

Browned up haven't you? Good, hope I shall."

Then Miss Lucinda came in and actually kissed Dick, and declared he was one of her own boys. Before she had finished speaking, he had uttered a hurried "excuse me," and was in the little cook-room, shaking Aunt Axy's fat black hands.

"Land sakes, Massa Dick, you is her' fo' shure; well, well, these yere is great days."

"Great days, indeed," said he merrily, and then he went back to papa.

"The boys are all fishing," said Bertie, "but you may stay to supper, and then you'll see them."

"May I? that's kind. Well I shall stay to supper, and to breakfast, and dinner too, thanks to our Uncle doctor," he replied, holding papa's hand in his.

"You can b'long to the Hoss Club, too, if you'll work, but Dolly don't let droves b'long."

"Is old Whitey who behaved so charmingly in the woods, a member?"

Bertie looked puzzled, and appealed to me.

"It is our working club for the soldiers," I explained, "Bertie's crooked tongue has never managed 'Hospital,' and for droves read *drones*, as the printers say."

"I see, I see," said Dick. "Well Bertie, I will not be a *drone* be sure of that, if cousin Dolly will allow me to join the Hoss Club."

Then the boys came home; tired, hungry, and, fortunate, with a good basket of fish. It was fun to see them gather about Dick; he stood among them like a Saul, with his broad shoulders and curly head, and to every one he gave some special greeting. Reggie and he stood for a moment with their hands on each others shoulders looking into each others eyes, but they hardly spoke beyond a "Well, old fellow." Then we sat down for a little talk, until the boys had to dress for tea.

If I were writing a fairy tale, or a made up story, these boys would all talk properly, and know a great deal of books and etiquette; but as papa says "the trouble with most books for boys and girls is, that they are written *of* children and not *for* them," and as young people *do* use slang, and are careless, it seems to me better to paint them true to nature; real, live boys and girls, just as they were, and are, not the prinking, fine ladies and gentlemen. It would sound better to say that Charlie, and Ned, and Walter, and Reggie, retired to their rooms, to make their toilet; but it would not be true for every one of these boys had their pants tucked into their boots, two of them had on torn straw hats, and each and all smelt fishy, and salt, but what do boys care for such trifles? Down they all went on the piazza to look at and listen to Dick. Papa's chair was rolled out, Bertie climbed into Dick's lap, Charlie rolled up his lines, Walter and Ned turned over their fish, saying occasion-

ally "there, I caught that fellow," and Reggie leaned against a pillar watching Dick's every motion, delighted in his quiet way, to see him once more.

There was so much to tell of Washington, of the camps, of new orders, and great changes, that papa spoke twice, a very unusual thing, before the boys went in to dress, and took Dick with them.

After tea Ned proposed a row and Dick wanted to know how many boats it required to carry us all.

"Dolly has her own boat," said Ned, "one of uncle's friends sent his wife and daughter across the big pond just in the nick of time, and the young lady's boat is in Dolly's care."

"And you ought to see her streak it, when Dolly goes alone," exclaimed Charlie.

"I mean to," said Dick, quietly; but I thought, you will not have an opportunity to laugh at me Mr. Dick Miller.

"You are welcome to my boat, Dick,

whenever you like, the boys will be likely to follow wherever you and Reggie lead," I said.

"Ned is the duck here," said papa, "I think my boys are all fond of the water, but Ned lives in it and on it. Now if you will allow me to suggest, I should say that three of you might go out in Dolly's boat and three in the other; or the 'boys boat,' as we call it."

Then we drew lots, and it ended in Dick, Charlie, and I, going in my boat, and I declared at once that I was too tired to row.

Papa urged us to return soon, for Dick was tired, and besides he had many questions to ask.

"Take the oars a little while, Dolly," begged Dick when we were well out.

"No," I said, "Charlie can manage, and there is no need; besides, I shall only do it 'well enough for a girl, you know.'" Dick laughed.

"So you remember my tender parting words, do you?"

"Yes, I seldom forget a *Kindness*."

Then Dick laughed again, and asked Charlie if we lived on fish altogether, for Dolly's brain was too active.

"Some of us would come off poorly, if her brains and hands were not both active," said my red-headed champion.

"I believe you," said Dick.

And then we talked of various things, the light houses, the yacht race, and all the sports of our sea shore life, until it was time to return.

"Reggie," said Dick, after I had seen papa snug in bed that night, "do you know I think your father has been in Washington?" Reggie's eyes glowed. "Yes, someone called at the 'Woodbox,' and at our house; we were all away; he wrote your address down on a card which the servant gave him, and we supposed he must have

come directly here. It didn't seem to occur to him to leave his own card, and I have cross-questioned that stupid girl, in every way, without a bit of satisfaction; all she would say was: 'I see him, Mr. Dick, go to the 'Woodbox' over there, and look all about, then he came here and rang the bell, and he asked me when the folks went, and if they was all well, and I told him I hadn't been here long, and I didn't know.'"

"I have feared that," said Reggie, "our letters have not reached him."

"Why didn't he come directly here?" asked Ned, "he had our address."

"That is the point," said Dick.

"It might have been Arnold, or some of your Richmond friends, and not Col. Gresham at all," said I.

"No," said Dick, "Mary described him exactly. Tall, very erect, broad shouldered and handsome; but sad-looking, that corresponds with the pictures, Reggie."

"Yes," said Reg, absently.

"When was this?" I asked.

"About three weeks since."

"Oh well, that is all right, if he was well three weeks ago and on this side of the Atlantic, I am sure we have ever so much to be thankful for," said I.

"Dolly I don't think you ever give up or lose your hope," said Charlie.

"Hopeful Dolly," said Dick, teasingly.

Reggie walked the floor and came back and forth near my chair so often it made me nervous to see him.

"Now Reggie Gresham," I said, "if you will stop 'marching on,' long enough to hear me I will tell you something." He paused, looked eagerly in my face and said:

"Well cousin."

"Without doubt we shall hear from your father within a month, so shorten your fretting and be happy."

"I wish I could think so," he said sadly.

"Well, let us go to bed and dream of him," I said.

"I did as you suggested," said Reggie, the next morning; "I saw papa distinctly; he was standing on the end of a burned bridge, and the timbers were falling. I started to go to him, but he put up his hands, and said: 'Keep back my boy, keep back, keep your feet on firm ground.'"

"And I jeemed," piped up little Bertie, "that Captain Josiah tooked us all over to the island in a boat, and we staid most all day, and I wasn't tired one bit."

"Bless him," said I, "the poor darling hungers for a trip to that island, papa you must say yes."

CHAPTER XIII.

A QUARREL WITH DICK.

AFTER breakfast we went to our lessons as usual, and Dick joined us, but he made so many blunders in translating some Latin, that he laughed at himself, and we all helped.

"You see doctor," he said, "I am not favored with home drill, like these lucky fellows."

"I know my boy, but your own honest work is the best drill after all."

Then we read aloud, but Dick did not read

as well as either Reggie, or Charlie; papa said he had certainly been neglected in that respect, for he had a fine voice, and was very quick to catch anything. I whispered to Charlie that he was too full of mischief to study hard. When we had finished our lessons papa sent for Josiah, and arranged for us to spend the rest of the day in boating, or on the Island.

Josiah and Dick were friends at once, but Josiah's "second wife," as Miss Lucinda always called her, told Aunt Axy in confidence that the talky young man seemed rather queer, and she didn't take to him as she had to the other boys.

Bertie went with us. Dick insisted upon it, and carried a big umbrella and a pillow, down to the boat, to make the child comfortable if he wanted a nap. Papa saw us off, and then began his writing. Dick said it was a shame he did not go with us, and he meant to have him yet.

But who do you think went, and in my boat too? Why Miss Lucinda! she declared she would not, she was too fat, and heavy, the doctor would need her, and it was foolish nonsense, but Dick and Charlie managed it, and when I saw her green berage sun-bonnet coming down the beach, I said, "Dick Miller, I do believe you always accomplish everything you set your heart on."

"Not quite, fair lady, you would not row to please me, but Miss Lucinda is more obliging, she goes with us to keep you all in order, at my request." And then the provoking boy strutted up the beach, making himself as absurd as possible.

Reggie did not care to go, but knew it was polite to our guest, and the boys were only too glad to show off the coast and harbor to Dick, who boasted of New York, like a genuine New Yorker, as he was.

"The sea side has done one good thing for Miss Dolly," said Dick to Miss Lucinda,

as he arranged a cushion for her. "She has at last found out that her father can live and breathe without her."

"Thank you," said I, "we had very few temptations to leave him at home, and he was not as strong as he is now."

"Don't say much about that," said Miss Lucinda, who never quite relished Dick's remarks when they appeared to reflect on me,—"goodness knows, her pa and I have tried hard to get her out more, especially since the little fellow came, and I think the doctor enjoys it quite as much as she does. He has brightened up a good bit since the boys came."

"Thank you," called Reggie, who was putting the kettle and fry-pan in his boat. "It is a comfort to know we have done something to make ourselves bearable."

Reggie was in one of his "blue moods," he had them frequently now, and I knew he was troubled, so I called out:

"Why Reggie Gresham, I am sure I don't

know what we should do without you, I am not half as mean and selfish as I was before you all came." I meant every word I said, but I was so provoked with myself for saying it before Dick, I knew he would never let me forget it.

Reggie turned about with one of his pleasant smiles, and said; "Thank you cousin, I value that from one who hates boys."

"You don't hate them now do you Dolly?" said my little pet, who was sitting very, very still, as the boys told him to.

"No dear, not since I knew you," I answered, but my cheeks burned, for Dick Miller kept those great eyes of his fastened on me with such a provoking look, I was vexed enough to pinch myself. There he sat with Bertie nestled close to him, and in his blandest tones called out: "Come Miss Dolly, take your oars, we are all ready."

"You don't mean to ask the child to row a great heavy body like me over to that

island do you?" exclaimed Miss Lucinda, amazed.

"I want to see her row," said Dick. "I asked her to learn, and now I want to see how well she does it."

If I was provoked before, I was downright angry now, and burst out with, "If you think Mr. Miller, that I shall use the oars for your benefit or amusement, you are mistaken; I am in the habit of rowing when *I* please."

"Oh," said Dick, mockingly, "I thought you were not selfish now, and would do things to please others."

I could hardly keep the tears back, but I answered: "*Our* boys usually consult my wishes, and I try to remember theirs."

"Good for cousin Dolly," shouted Ned, who was ready to push us off. "Come, none of your nonsense, Dick, turn, and turn about, is fair play, if you want to see her row, get up early in the morning, she can beat 'yours truly,' any day in the week, Sundays excepted."

Ned sprang into our boat, and took the

oars, and with three cheers for papa, away we went.

Miss Lucinda talked more than usual, and told some funny stories of the sailors she had known; while Ned and Dick were soon interested in a race with Josiah and the boys.

"I wish you were close by me, cousin Dolly," said little Bertie, when the boat began to dance a little.

"You shall sit by her now dear," said Dick, "if you like to move, or, if not, you may cuddle under her wing on the home trip."

"I would rather not move," said the child, but his little pale face grew paler, and I saw him cling to Dick's arm.

After we had landed, we arranged a little bed for him, and the dear boy seemed glad to be on shore again. He looked very comfortable with the umbrella opened above him, and held down with a string tied to some stones; I could not help thanking Dick for thinking of it.

Whereupon, Dick pulled off his hat, and with the most comical face, begged me to forgive him for his sarse; "I can't help teasing, Miss Dolly, indeed I can't; total depravity, original sin, or something's the matter, but I tease that blessed mother of mine sometimes, until the tears come, and then I want to go out and hang myself." He looked so funny, and seemed so ready to begin teasing again, I could not help saying, "Oh, Dick, Bertie is right, you do act like the monkey at the menagerie."

"Thank you, Miss Warrington," he replied, and marched off looking "cross enough to bite," Charlie said.

"What ails you two?" said Walter, "are you both so sharp that every word cuts? I thought you liked Dick, cousin Dolly."

"It isn't her fault," said Charlie, who was helping me unpack a basket. "Dick seems to think girls are made to be teased, and snubbed; you ought to hear Reggie lecture him."



"I was to blame," I said, "but he is dreadfully provoking; he is our guest you know boys, and remember papa is very strict on duty to guests, beside he is so good to Bertie, and the child loves him."

"Well, he needn't put on airs," said Charlie, who was always ready to defend me, right or wrong. "I like him ever so much, but he must stop teasing you, or I'll duck him."

"Tut, tut," said Miss Lucinda, "don't be rash my boy, the airs that are put on 'for fun,' are easier to manage than those put on 'in anger;' look at him now, minding, and amusing that child, as nice as a woman, I tell

you, Mister Dick has the making of a splendid man in him, if some stupid body don't spoil him."

Yes, there was Dick lying on the ground close to Bertie, telling him some story which delighted the child, for every little while we heard his laugh ring out as it had not done before since he first came to us.

Reggie called Dick when they were ready to go out fishing, and I took his place, and shared my pet's pillow. Miss Lucinda was busy "getting things in trim for a good chowder," she said.

"Oh Dolly," said Bertie, as he patted my cheek with his little hand, "don't you think God is real good to make such a big outdoors for us?"

"Yes darling, very, and the sea is so beautiful to-day."

"I wish we could live here, all the time, Dolly."

"Not when the snow and ice come, little

birdie; then you would be glad to nestle in the 'Woodbox.'"

"If I was ever so rich," said he, with billions and billions of dollars, I would build a big house here for sick folks, and make 'em get well. I wish I had something cousin Dolly."

"Well pet."

"I wish I had a telegraph right straight up to Heaven, like Dr. Howard's."

"I didn't know he had one there," I said, smiling.

"Well, I mean like the one he showed me in the office."

"Well dear, what would you do?"

"Oh I'd ask God somefin."

"What dear?"

"Oh 'bout mamma. I'd ask him to spare her just one little wee day, so I could have a truly mamma like other boys. I wouldn't keep her long, cousin Dolly."

I did not answer. He went on:

"I asked Dick if he 'sposed she knowed how good you was to me, and how we all loved you, and Uncle doctor, and Dick said, no one could help loving you, and Uncle doctor was pretty near a saint."

I raised up on my elbow and looked at him, his dark eyes were looking far, far out to sea, and he talked on, like a person thinking aloud.

"There are so many things I want to know, I should ask Him why he lets the sea get angry and swallow up the poor sailors, and then the little children never have a papa, to come home.

"When my papa comes, he will bring me a velocipede, and squeeze me up real tight, the way he did when he went away. I wish he would come. Uncle doctor says it will be a long while yet."

"Yes dear, we must be very patient, you want to grow ever so much before papa returns, you know."

When Bertie first came, it troubled me to

hear him talk so much of Heaven, and his mother, it seemed to me he would die very young, as the children in the good Sunday-school books do, and I talked with papa about it.

"Don't trouble yourself, little woman," said he, "people generally are very stupid in such matters. Our little Bertie is a highly organized child, with quite a remarkable poetic temperament, only a little more brain than body, daughter, and we must help the body catch up with the brain. Let his queer fancies come out, and when he is too deep for you, send him to me; when he is too deep for me I must do as many a man has done before me, confess that 'I am led by a little child.'"

Bertie was perfectly quiet for a little while, and I began to think, it was a great relief to know that Dick's teasing did not come from dislike, and I confess I felt flattered by his remark to Bertie; I had always been longing to have people love me, but it seemed to

me no one ever did, except papa. Of course Miss Lucinda loved me in a "sorry-for-me-way," I didn't like that; Aunt Axy, yes, I really think she loved me out and out, without "ifs," or "buts," or "because," and now dear little Bertie loved me because he needed me, but the girls at school used to call me "odd" when I spoke out my thoughts, and then when I refused to speak them they said "I was a queer girl anyway."

I never felt "queer," only lonely, and tired, when papa lay so sick, and I had wished hundreds and hundreds of times, just as Bertie did, that God could spare my mother for a little while. Perhaps I should never have been "odd" or "queer" if she had been with me. I had one girl friend, one bright, pretty, gay crony, who sent me long letters every week from Philadelphia. She was the only child of wealthy parents, and they were dear friends of my dead mother; long, long before the boys came, I cried hard one day, because two spiteful girls at school, sneered

at my composition, after the teachers had praised it; those girls called me the "Queerity writer." Then Cora put both arms around me, and called me a dear, dear girl, and begged me not to mind. They did not see me weeping, oh no; and papa never knew it, but Cora comforted me as she always did.

"You are original darling, all the teachers say that, and it is a nice thing to be; now I am just a poor, little commonplace school girl, no one calls me 'original,' or marks me ten on my essays."

"I should rather be as commonplace as Aunt Axy, and have everyone love me," I said bitterly, "oh Cora, I do hate so to be queer."

Those old hurts in my brief school life had never healed, and when our boys came I fancied they were polite, first, because they were well bred, secondly, because I was papa's daughter, and thirdly, because I was kind to them. They tolerated me, and made

the best of me, but I never thought until Bertie's little speech, that after all Dolly Warrington was to some other people precisely what her precious papa called her, "a loveable girl."

Yes, I was growing fond of the boys too, all of them; and I wondered how we could ever go back to our old quiet life, if Col. Gresham should walk in some day and carry them off to Dixie. Whatever the boys did, I did. If they made kites so did I; if they fished I fished; if they tried experiments on turtles, toads, and water snakes, I was always with them.

Josiah gave us all swimming and boating lessons, and even papa said "the boys" will do so and so, when I was included. One of the gentlemen from Boston proposed swimming lessons for me in that city, but two satisfied Miss Lucinda and myself.

"It is like putting a duck in a wash basin doctor," said she one day, and after that we all swam about in our "big pond."

Papa and Bertie had their salt water dip at home, and much fun had we in "toting" up the water. As I lay there looking at the blue sky, and the bluer water, I thought over all these things, and felt ashamed that my temper had risen against Dick, felt more than ashamed of my silly pride about rowing, and I then and there determined to be so good dear little Bertie would have something worth while to tell his mother if he had his telegraph. While I was meditating, the child had fallen asleep, tired out with the excitement of the morning. I covered him up carefully, and crept down to ask Miss Lucinda if there was any danger of his taking cold.

"No child, not a mite," said she, "sea breezes never give sneezes," and while I was laughing over the old saying, we heard shouts, and saw the boys and Josiah making for shore. Dick landed first, with two small fish, which he flourished about, singing:

"On fish he lived from day to day
Fish caught by his own hand,
And when he did not land his prey
He did not praise the land.

He led a happy life; content,
He never thought to roam;
And every day he fishing went
And brought his net gains home."

"Sh, sh, shur," cried Miss Lucinda, "the boy is asleep, don't wake him until we have some dinner ready; he will have a sea appetite I'll warrant."

"Beg pardon," said Dick, "I never had such a good time in all my life; I fished for fish, Ned fished for hats, two overboard; and we have all fished up a tremendous appetite."

"Well," said Miss Lucinda, trotting about; "the next thing is, are the fish cleaned?"

"Fish cleaned!" shouted Charlie, and Walter in chorus, "why we had all we could do to pull in, Josiah and Reg are at them now."

"I will go and help," said I, "for fear you will all starve."

"Don't Dolly, don't," said dainty Dick, "it isn't nice work for a young lady, stay here, and let me tell you about the fun."

"I do believe you are lazy," said I, laughing, "of course it isn't 'nice work,' for anyone, but many hands make light work, come Charlie, let us do our share."

"The fact is," said Dick, in a half whisper to Miss Lucinda, "I am tired; you see this is all new business to me, haven't got my muscle up."

"Cheek's in good order," said Charlie, calling back as we went down the hill.

"Charles my son, you are right, I borrowed some from you, and forgot to return it," said Dick.

How hungry we all were when dinner was ready! Lazy as Dick pretended to be, he fried fish like a veteran cook, while Reggie and I cooked the potatoes.

Miss Lucinda made us a pot of chocolate, which was nearly as good as our farewell cup in Georgetown, and Bertie woke up just in time to enjoy it with us. More than a week before we had made a store-house on the island with Josiah's help. We dug down far enough to sink a small square box, and in it we put some bright tin plates, some forks, and spoons, and such things as we did not care to carry back and forth. Everything was found in good order, and our chowder had a better flavor than any we had ever eaten from elegant china dishes.

"If papa were only here," I said, "it would be complete."

"We must arrange it some way," said Reggie, "do you know I took the liberty of asking his old friend about it, and he says boating would be of great benefit to him if we could manage it without too much exertion."

Walter and I exchanged glances. From the day of our coming this had been our

hope, but we did not share it with the rest. Walter was an ingenious boy, always devising some labor-saving machine; papa often told him he was the son of a Yankee.

When we began to carry up salt water, he explained a method by which it could be taken up to the house, and I think papa would have carried it out if he had owned the property, as it was, we had "patent window lifts" without a patent; patent fastenings on doors; a new process for scouring, etc. Miss Lucinda never fretted or found fault with his filings and dirt, but she it was, who urged her brother to fit up a little work-shop in the shed.

This little shop was our refuge on stormy days. Ned went there to use his fret-saw, Charlie to feed his pet turtles, or rabbits, and Reggie to look on and suggest, when he grew tired of his books. As for me, I will be honest, I went there and spent many a happy hour because as Miss Lucinda said I had "a hankering for all kinds of tools."

Reggie sometimes drew our plans, but generally, I drew them, and Walter did the heavy work, leaving the pretty wood carving, and touching up, to me.

Out of this little shop many useful things had appeared. A black-board for family use, brackets for Miss Lucinda and Josiah's wife; bookshelves for our little study, foot-stools for Bertie and myself, picture frames for Reggie's drawings and the pretty plates we bought from time to time, a folding desk for papa, rustic chairs and baskets for the piazza, and now we were all busy making a little sideboard for our dining-room, which Miss Lucinda said should go into Miss Dolly's house when she was married.

It was nearly done, the panels were of the natural wood, polished, with a little shore scene painted in the centre of each. The drawers were decorated with fanciful carved handles, and the high back had the various grains and grasses of the locality, all we could gather, painted in little groups, be-

neath a very mysterious monogram, an effort of Reggie's to combine the names of Warrington, Gresham, and Neville. Papa had seen it in bits, but the next rainy day would put on the finishing strokes and all would enjoy our handy work.

Beside this, we had something else which we must talk about in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

WALTER'S SECRET.

WE went home in good season from our trip, as we had promised, for it would never do to keep our little Bertie out late; but before we started, in order to show Dick that I did not feel ill-natured, I invited him out to row.

He accepted, and seemed very much pleased, but soon urged our going back, as Bertie was so troubled about my leaving him.

I tried very hard not to quarrel with him, so I talked about his mother, his going back

to school, and other things, but neither of us mentioned boats or rowing, of course we were both thinking of it, or he was, and when we landed, his "thank you, Miss Dolly," sounded very little like the praise our boys were fond of giving me after a brisk pull.

"I hope he is satisfied," said Charlie, with a growl, as I passed him.

"I am," said I, as I threw myself down on the grass, and began to fan myself with my hat.

"You didn't pull your best, Miss Dolly," said Josiah, who was rather proud of his pupil, and now seemed disappointed.

"Haven't any best to pull," said I with a laugh, "it needs you out in the other boat to stir me up to good work."

Dick said nothing, but sang:

"For my hopes o'er the sea lightly flit, like the wings
Of the curlews that hover and poise round my bark."

"Where do you get so many sea songs?"

asked Ned, "did you study up for this occasion?"

"Yes," said Dick, "laid in all the old magazines and song books I could find, and committed them to memory, that accounts for my verdancy in Latin."

The truth was, Dick had a most remarkable memory, and could repeat things he had read but once or twice.

That evening we had a quiet time in the study with papa.

"Uncle," said Walter, looking up suddenly from his chemistry, "may I have the workshop all to myself to-morrow?"

"He has something he wants to finish, papa," I added.

"Is it a great secret?" asked papa.

"No, sir, a very simple secret, but Dolly knows."

"Oh, well," said papa, "if we are at all gallant, we must say that if Dolly knows, it must be all right, how is it boys, shall we grant the request?"

"Yes sir," was the prompt reply.

"Do you care for it, if the day is fine, Walter?" asked papa.

"Yes sir, I would not like to wait any longer, the express man brought me all I need to-night."

The next day we were to visit the "Singing Beach," but Walter would not go, and I made up my mind to stay and help him if he needed me.

The boys were very curious, but papa said it was always rude to ask questions concerning the private affairs of any one, "depend upon it my lads, if people wish you to know things, they will manage to tell you, without prying questions."

At last they went away and left us in peace. Walter worked like a hero, and part of the time Josiah and I helped. Before our tramps returned we were all ready, and went out to arrange for the first scene. Walter thought it would be best to try it before the

boys came back, but I was sure it would work, and I wanted all our flock present.

"When will the great unknown be revealed?" asked Dick, as he sat whittling a boat for Bertie, about four in the afternoon.

"Now," answered Walter promptly, "if the doctor is ready."

I had prepared papa, and Josiah was as eager as one of the boys.

"All ready," said papa, who was in his favorite seat on the piazza.

"Boat ready, Dolly?"

"All ready."

Then Walter like an eager young inventor, sprang over the steps, and produced some wooden machinery with hinges, and a crank which he had previously placed under the little piazza. Quick as a flash, he fastened one end into some sockets and turned the crank, when slowly and carefully a wooden track appeared, and began to stretch down the sandy beach in the direction of my pretty cushioned boat.

The boys looked on surprised; Walter was pale with excitement, and I fairly trembled as I stood at the back of papa's chair.

My boat had been pulled up high and dry for the occasion, but Josiah was on hand to launch her.

As soon as the little track was ready, Josiah and Walter fitted the wheels of papa's chair upon the end, on the piazza, and slowly let him down upon the sand.

Bertie stood on the steps looking half pleased and half frightened, holding Reggie's hand. Dick looked on admiringly, and Charlie and Ned whispered, but no one interfered, as papa had requested them to "keep still, and let Walter manage his own affairs."

All went well. With no more trouble than he usually experienced in getting from his chair to his bed, papa was seated in the boat, and when he waved his hat above his head, it was the signal for the loudest, longest, jolliest cheers I ever heard.

Carefully and safely Josiah slid the boat

down; when I got in and took the oars as Walter had suggested.

"Come Walter, my boy, you must go with us," said papa; "every inventor must test the result of his work."

Before he could get in, Reggie was there to say:

"Well done Walter, you floundered in Latin, but triumphed with tools."

Ned hugged him, he was so delighted, and Charlie was so proud of his mate he exploded with:

"Bully for you, brown locks, bully for you," and papa did not reprove him for using slang, as he generally did.

Josiah, Aunt Axy, Miss Lucinda, Lex and Bertie, all crowded about. Dick after his fashion began feeling of the bumps in Walter's head, and exclaimed:

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

"Come all you fellows, don't put it all on

me, I never should have put the thing through only for Dolly, clear the way please, and don't touch that track, Reggie; look out for it will you?"

As for me, there was a lump in my throat which felt as big as a water-melon. It was so charming to have dear papa out on the water with me; I had blistered my hands, and skinned my knuckles, in the work shop, and made my shoulders ache so I could not sleep, while learning to handle the oars, but I would do it all over again forty times, if need be, for the sake of seeing that peaceful contented look, on papa's face.

He had been very fond of the water when in college, and was "stroke oar," one of his friends told me; and it seemed to me he would think of those days and his present crippled condition; but no, he took a long look about, drew in a long breath of the sea air, and said:

"'He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.'"

We had read it at morning prayers, only a few days before. Walter sat perfectly still, watching papa, and I was rowing now my very best. It was something to work for, with such a passenger.

"My dear children I thank you very much, more than you can understand; this is delightful," said our dear patient.

"And now you can go every day papa, and you shall teach me some of your boating tricks, for I want to learn to be graceful, as well as sure. Josiah thinks I have a good sure stroke, but that is not enough. Shall I go back now, papa?"

"Not unless you wish daughter, and feel tired."

I was not tired, and I did not "wish," but it seemed only fair that the boys should go out for a few moments with him, for Ned was proud of his boating knowledge.

Walter beckoned to them and down they came. Ned and Charlie went out first, then Reggie and Dick, and I think no happier

family could be found in all the elegant villas on the shore, than gathered about the tea-table in our little cottage that night.

The next morning papa said he had decided to allow us a week's freedom from lessons in order to give us ample time to show Dick the sights.

I was very glad, for I had so much to do for our club, and my dresses needed so many repairs, to say nothing of music and boating, it would be a great relief to slide over even interesting lessons.

During the week, I had a long letter from Mrs. Miller, and one from Cora. Mrs. Miller's troubled me a little, and I carried it to papa.

"I suppose our rattle-brain has told you all the news, but I must speak a word about your visitor. You may tell Reggie, or not, as your papa thinks best.

"I met a lady this week, who once met Reggie's father at Richmond, and was so much pleased with him she would remember

him anywhere. She says, he passed her one day in the street while I was gone; he was looking worn and haggard, so much so, she turned to look after him, and as she did so, he was greeted by a gentleman who seemed delighted to see him, and asked if he were stopping in town; she distinctly heard his reply:

"'No, I am a wanderer; came here to meet my children, but find them in New England. I have important tidings from Richmond, and find I must manage to go there before I can travel north and see my boys.' The lady passed on, but says she was rude enough to turn once more, and saw them still talking, and she was so much interested in your father's 'young rebels' she came to tell me about it as soon as possible after my return.

"'Why did he not write from Washington?' I hear you ask. My dear I presume he did, but you know these are terrible times. Doctor will make every effort to hear something

more satisfactory. Don't borrow trouble. If he was arrested here we should have heard of it I think; he is probably where he cannot get away or he may be worn and sick, my servant said he looked ill."

The boys did not borrow trouble, on the contrary, the fact that their father was on this side of the Atlantic, was enough to render them jubilant, and as papa said, we need not be surprised if he walked in upon us any day.

That night Reggie was gayer and brighter than he had been before for weeks, and when Ned and Dick said they had arranged a race with two "Boston swells," as they chose to call two lads in town, Reggie proposed going out to see the fun.

It was a lovely evening, and I was tempted to join the boys, but Bertie had one of his "poor days," as Miss Lucinda called them, and I staid behind.

Charlie gave us this wonderful account

which you must accept precisely as it was given, with due allowance for boys' slang. A boy must talk like a boy you know.

"Oh, Uncle doctor, you never saw such fun, Reggie, and Johnny Budd, and that quill driver, were the judges; Ned and Dick had Dolly's boat, and Walter and I took ours, and out came the swells in regular boating rig, shirts open, and arms bare, and all the fol-de-rols, two in each boat, same as we were. We were to start from the point of Rocks, go out to the judges, row around it, and back to the starting point.

"'Richmond against Boston.' Those swells said we 'were rebels' anyway; two of 'em did; and the other two told them to shut up, but Reggie and Budd fixed it up all right. Budd's a good fellow, no sneak, no shoddy, and he can handle a boat too; you know his brother and a cousin were in one of the boats. It was 'Richmond against Boston,' and away we went; Walt pulled everlastingly, and so did the others; they had the best boats though,

when we reached the judges' boat, Budd's boat and Ned's were about even, but coming in, Ned got about a length ahead, and then,—I am awful sorry, uncle, and you may keep my month's allowance back as long as you like, but if we didn't smash into those others; and our boat is hauled up for repairs, or she will be; and the jolliest part of it is, theirs is stove the worst."

Charlie laughed over the crash, but stopped to add, "young Budd is a real brick, though, and I am sorry it was his boat the boys had. Next time, you must all come and see us."

"See you smash boats?" said papa, smiling at the boy's eagerness.

"Oh no, see the race—those fellows did pull well though, didn't they Ned?"

"Capital, but do you know uncle, what I liked best was, the way the ladies on the shore cheered us, it made me forget everything but good work."

"Good, my boy," said papa, "I hope you

will always have the good cheers of the ladies to encourage you."

"What *I* liked best," said Walter, "was the even motion of the oars, and the clear bounds of the boat, 'mind over matter,' as the doctor says."

"Well, Reggie," said I, "you and Dick must speak now of this wonderful race."

"As for me," said Dick, "I think the whole thing was a success, in the language of Willy Shaky:

> O, bravely came we off
> When with a volley of our needless shot,
> (The smash you know.)

"After such bloody toil, we bid good-night. Dick Miller!" I exclaimed, the rest all laughed.

"Dick, were you born making quotations?" asked Reggie.

"Ask my future biographer, sir," said Dick, with a profound bow.

"Now Reggie, let us hear from you," said papa.

"The boys did well, sir, all of them; Mr. Budd thought Ned quite a wonder, said he handled the oars better than some of the Harvard boys."

"Aha! Ned," said I pulling a lock of his hair, "champion oar! well, I will give up trying now."



"No teasing, cousin Dolly," said Ned, "I heard Budd ask Reggie if the young lady with a blue and white boating suit was our sister."

"And what did Reggie say, pray?" I asked, looking at Reg, who was trying to make

Ned hold his tongue. Ned did not, or would not see.

"And then Budd said he loved to watch you row, you did it so gracefully."

It was my turn to blush now, and I did it; while Dick ran up and began fanning me with a newspaper.

"He is coming to call," said Reggie.

"Who, the 'swell?'" I asked.

"No, no, the big one, Harvard Budd, and he is a good fellow too"

CHAPTER XV.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

WAR! war! war! was heard everywhere, and our little family began to dread the arrival of the mail, and yet longed for it. Reggie grew so nervous he could not wait Josiah's slow movements in bringing down our evening paper, and every day, no matter how busy, or how tired he was, the dear boy went up to the little post-office.

Dick Miller was a great comfort to us all; he would not let us stop to worry even at our "Hoss Club" meetings. Dick was full of

his fun and jokes, and his sewing on the slippers will never be forgotten, "fancy stitches," he called them.

Our sideboard was finished, and decorated with some rare old china, which those kind souls, Miss Lucinda and the Salem sisters collected for us.

Before Dick's visit was half over, we had forwarded one large barrel of hospital stores to Mrs. Thorpe, and still we worked on. Mrs. Thorpe wrote, "beg all the old linen, and cotton you can, money will not buy them."

We did beg. With Dick for escort, I managed to get up courage enough to ask several of the families about us to help fill our next barrel. Nearly all were kind, but one man said "help the soldiers, no, I won't send a cent, they don't get half we send now; not a dime, all humbug and cheating."

Harvard Budd said that very man was making thousands of dollars out of the war. He came in very often, and told us about the

little town and its summer residents. He called us the "Gay little Rebels," and was so full of quiet fun, he often brought a smile to Reggie's sober face, by his "sharp shooting" with Dick.

His mother called one evening in her carriage, but I did not fancy her, she seemed so calm, and cold, with a little of the pompous air, which we all disliked in Harvard Budd's younger brother.

I think she meant to be very kind, and rather pitied me for being "the only girl among so many boys," but I hate to be pitied, almost as much as I dislike to be patronized.

Dick whispered to me that her regular diet was "Boston, in large doses."

He liked her better, however, when she invited us all to a croquet party on her lawn, and took us over her beautiful house. The thing I liked best about her, was, her fondness for Harvard Budd, she never lost sight of him, go where he would; and he never failed to show her all the little atten-

tions which make a lady feel comfortable and happy.

Miss Lucinda says "politeness and finikin puckers never made the pot boil," but papa tells her "that all courtesies shorten the time while you are waiting for it, or travelling on."

The boys found out that this Harvard Budd's real name was Augustine, but we liked "Harvard" best, and stuck to it.

Papa said he was a sensible young man, and quite worthy of being admitted into our little circle, consequently, he came very often.

The young ladies did not interest me much, which was my fault I dare say, but the boys talked about things I liked and understood, while these young ladies looked at each other and smiled at my remarks. They even laughed when I said I had never seen the German danced, and said, "you poor little innocent," that sent the blood tingling in my cheeks, and I said: "I am only a school girl you know, and have had no time

for anything but my books, and taking care of the sick."

Then Miss Budd the eldest said: "But you are quite a wonder, you know dear, for all that; we thought you southern girls never did anything but look pretty."

"That is because you don't know," said I, "when you go south, you will see how accomplished they are, and how generous too," I added; "but I am only a half-way southerner, for my father's family were Bostonians."

"So brother said; well Miss Warrington, you must come and see us often, and perhaps you will find us generous too."

Then our club popped into my head, and although I was provoked with them, I told them about it, and both young ladies promised to give a good package for the next barrel.

We went to the croquet party, but I did not like it half so well as a row, and a chowder on the island — the young men were so silly and said all sorts of foolish things to

the young ladies, and the young ladies said silly things back. No it wasn't nice. The people didn't talk as if they meant what they said.

When we went home, papa gave Dick a letter, and in it was one for me. Dear Mrs. Miller, she never forgot me.

"My darling," she wrote, "I think I have some tidings for you. This week, the ——s, a 'sesesh' family, received by private hands, some letters from their relations in Richmond, and a little Union officer's wife who boards there, because she could not find another place, says they boasted of their means of getting intelligence, and read aloud portions of the letters.

"This interested her, as she had often heard me speak of you all. The correspondent wrote:

"'Did you ever see some Richmond boys at Doctor Warrington's? If you have, I can tell you something about them. Their father came back here from Europe, a short time

ago to see to his property, he found his elegant house used for a hospital, his sister's Mrs. Neville's, stored with "munitions of war," and his confidential clerk, a confederate major. It was rumored that he intended going away again, but we know too much for that; he has a large property, or had, and has always occupied some important position. He was immediately given a staff-appointment, and it will be one while before he gets away now, for he was taken down with a slow fever, and has been carried to a friend's house to be cared for. J. D.* knows better than to let such birds fly loose among our enemies.'

"The officer's wife pretended to be shading a drawing of the entrance to Oakwood, but the sharp little woman writes short hand, and was really taking down every word for us.

"Now Dolly, tell Reggie slow fever is tedious but not dangerous, and don't borrow trouble."

* Jeff Davis.

"As to letters," said papa, "how can we expect them? look at this one from an old patient in Memphis, it has been two months on the way, and is postmarked Lynn, where I have not the slightest acquaintance."

"Ah Reggie," said I, "did I say hope for nothing? He is not exposed to bullets, is he?"

The days flew by, and Dick's vacation was nearly over, but we had many merry times before he left.

Once to Marblehead Neck, one of the lovliest, wildest spots on the coast, once to Nahant, where we saw the poet Longfellow, and his home, and once to take tea with the "Peace Sisters," as the boys called the three dear old ladies in Salem.

All went but papa, and dear me, how Bertie was petted and coddled. I was a little uneasy about Dick, but I need not have been, for we had not been in the house ten minutes, before he knew all the ladies, and was sitting on the sofa by Miss Betty, showing her a new stitch in knitting, he had

learned once when he had a sprained ankle. We drank tea out of little thin china cups, we used spoons which had been in the family over a hundred years, and we ate the daintiest little wafer cakes, which Miss Sally called "cookies." The ladies called the boys Reginald, Charles, and Richard, and when it came to calling our roguish Ned, Edward, poor Charles had hard work to keep from laughing. Bertie behaved like a lamb, and was kissed so much, Dick said he must be sugar coated. A Japanese game, a cuckoo clock, puzzles of all sorts, and queer old toys amused us all. Bertie was very happy with two little kittens, and a mouse made of velvet, and I was just as delighted as I could be, for I always loved old ladies, and here were three, so kind and devoted to our noisy party, that I wondered at them.

Dick saw me smiling, and wanted to know "if I was sitting for my picture?"

Three more days of pleasure, and Dick was gone. We all marched to the station to

see him off, even Harvard Budd, and Miss Lucinda. We shook hands all round, and when it came my turn, the saucy boy whispered: "I say Dolly, don't talk Greek with Harvard Budd, for Reggie will be miserable."

Just like Dick, how could I help it, if he walked by my side to the station? Beside, Harvard Budd was a college student, and I a very young girl, if I did feel as old as Methuselah.

Of course I must be civil to the young man, when he was so attentive to papa and the boys, and I was grateful too, for on our very last yachting party it was rough, and I was sea sick, and he would not let the others come near me, or make any fuss about. That was real kindness, as any one knows who was ever sea sick, and as to Reggie, I don't think he knew when Dick was leaving, where I was.

The train came at last, the conductor hurried the passengers on, and the last we heard was "We will meet at the 'Woodbox.'"

Only one more month of the beautiful sea, before we were on our way home, taking Miss Lucinda with us.

The Budds came over to bid us good-bye, and after they were gone I found a copy of Moore's poems on the study table directed to me. Harvard Budd must have left it, for on the fly leaf was written in a hand too bold for his lady mother:

"Miss Dolly Warrington,

West Beach, Sept. 30."

When we reached home tired, and dirty, everything was as bright and cheerful at the "Woodbox" as Mrs. Miller's kind hands could make it.

"I know how utterly dreary it is," she said, "to reach home, tired out after a long journey, and find everything musty and dusty."

The doctor came in very soon after our arrival, and told us we must be prepared for great changes outside; inside, for one brief

evening, we talked as cheerily as possible, and forgot the troubles, or put them aside.

On Monday morning we began work in earnest. Reggie, Dick, Charlie, Walter, and Ned, were sent to a school, kept by a young clergyman who had been induced to open it by some officers, whose families were in town. Dr. Miller said he had called upon the young man, found him quite agreeable, and he had thought it wise for our young folks to try it for a few months.

Papa gave up his pupils reluctantly, but we all knew it was wise for him to spare them, at least, part of the time, and after all we would have our little readings with him during the long evenings. One reason why my dear father consented to the arrangement was the fact that his summer had so increased his strength he was able and anxious to take up his dear profession to a certain extent, and the surgeons at the hospital were only too glad to have his advice and counsel for two or three hours every day.

While he was gone in the morning, I went over the way to recite in French and music, but the other branches I took with papa, just as we had done before.

We had just settled down well for winter work, when I received a letter from Cora Birney, saying her father and mother were coming South, and if quite convenient and agreeable, she would spend a week with me.

"It will not matter in the least about my lessons papa," I said, when I had read her letter to him, "Cora will go on with me, and the boys will be sure to like her."

"I shall be glad to see her, dear child, for your sake, as well as her own, and so you may send a cordial 'yes,' to our bright little friend."

The boys were anxious to have me tell them all about her, but I would only say, "she is a dear, lovely girl, and just as unlike me as possible."

Dick declared she would prove one of the gushing, simpering sort, and he wished she would not come, but two days after, something happened which made them all forget Cora's coming for a little while.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAVELLERS IN DIXIE.

I ALWAYS was sure to get into mischief when left to myself and everybody was gone. The sun shone brightly, the air was soft, and balmy, and the boys were out for a long tramp with Dick Miller. Miss Lucinda was in Washington shopping for Josiah's children; for said she: "I will always maintain that Washington is as cheap a place for dry goods as I ever saw." Papa was getting up a paper on "Sanitary Precau-

tions." Bertie and I were tired of my room. "Let us go for a walk, dear," I said.

"Yes do, cousin Dolly, I have counted those tents over there much as a million times, Reggie wouldn't let me go."

"No dear, they have gone too far, but never mind we will wrap up the baby if it is warm, and have a glorious walk before anyone has time to miss us."

"Bertie and I are going to walk Aunt Axy," I said, putting my head in at the kitchen door, "be sure and have Lex answer papa's bell."

"Yes, Miss Dolly, but yer must put on yer gums, it's dreadful muddy I kin tell yer."

To please the careful soul, I put on my overshoes, and away we started for the river.

We chatted merrily, until we reached the old bridge, where Bertie could look over, and see the white tents which he had been counting.

"Did you ever go over there?" asked Bertie.

"Yes, darling often, we children used to run races here on the bridge."

"Can't we now?"

"No pet, those soldiers are watching us."

"Well let's walk over, cousin Dolly. Lex says it is all Virginia over there, and perhaps we could find papa."

Poor little fellow, none of us could say where papa might be that pleasant afternoon.

"This is not near papa's home, dear," I said, "but it is 'Dixie,' and those are the tents of Union soldiers, but neither you nor I can pass without a bit of paper signed by a gentleman called the 'Provost Marshal.'"

"Can't you ask him for one?" said the child, still walking slowly on, and planting his little feet on the planks.

"Some day papa will if we ask him, but all these soldiers are sentinels to keep us from crossing."

"Oh dear," said Bertie, in a disappointed tone, "it looks so pretty over there on the hill, with the tents, and the smoke curling up. Here comes a soldier I mean to ask him."

Before I could stop him, Bertie ran toward a gentleman in uniform who was just coming onto the bridge.

"Do you live over there, sir?" he asked, pointing across the river.

"Yes, my little man."

"Can't I go over, and see your tents?"

"If you have a pass you can."

"Have you a pass?"

"Bertie, Bertie, don't annoy the gentleman," I called; but the young officer had already taken up the little fellow, and was holding him in his arms.

"If I will take you over, will you tell me your name, and why you wish to go?"

"Yes sir, it is Bertie Gresham, and my papa is in Richmond, and he's a soldier too, and I can't see him 'cause we have to stay North, and I want to see how papa lives."

I felt half frightened to hear the little fellow tell all this story to an utter stranger, but they were walking on, and I could only follow, until the first sentinel was reached then the officer paused and I managed to say:

"I am sorry my little cousin has troubled you so much, and I am very much obliged to —"

The gentleman raised his hat, and smiled:

"I think I am indebted to you for letting me enjoy the little fellow, he reminds me of a little nephew I left not long ago in Michigan."

"Did you come so far?" I said. "I had a school-mate once who lived there, and it seemed to me almost out of the world."

"We think it the centre of civilization," he said, laughing merrily, "but I remember my little niece used to write me something of the sort when she was at school in Georgetown."

"Here," I exclaimed "here! was her name Mary Brentford?"

"Was and is," he said, with a merry twinkle of his handsome eyes, "now I think of it, you must be the 'precious Dolly' I used to hear so much about."

Dear me, how foolish I felt; I dare say Mary had shown him some of my silly letters, and he was no doubt laughing at me for my awkwardness.

"I hope the discovery is not unpleasant," said the young colonel, still walking on apparently quite indifferent to the sentinels, who saluted as we passed.

"It is delightful," I said, "and I cannot help thinking how strange it all is, for Mary used to talk so much of her dear Uncle Will. Have you been here long?"

"Only two weeks," he answered, "and now if you are willing to gratify this little youngster, Miss Warrington, you can walk over and inspect our camp. I think you

will not be concerned about passes in my care, and I will gladly show you how soldiers live."

"Do, do, do!" said Bertie, and the boy's pleading overcame all doubts, if I had any. It never entered my head to think it unwise or imprudent, to visit a camp of soldiers after visiting them so often in the hospitals, with Dr. Miller; beside, we were in sight of our own home windows.

When Col. Brentford urged us to remain and witness a dress parade, and Bertie again begged with voice and eyes, and the camp fires glowed and sparkled, could I refuse?

Dress parades are consumers of time, and before we knew it, or wanted it, the sun had gone down, and the street lamps were lighted across the river. Like a frisky young kitten out for a frolic, I had enjoyed every moment, and when at last a thought of papa's terror entered my head, I exclaimed:

"Oh Colonel Brentford, I have been very

cruel to stay, papa will be so worried! I am never out alone; and indeed I thank you very much."

"Night comes on suddenly now," said the colonel, "but we will do our best for you. My orderly will carry the little fellow, and if you will accept Mary's Uncle Will for your escort, we will soon be on the other side."

What else could I do? Once on the other side, I walked so fast the colonel checked me several times, but it seemed like hours before we reached the "Woodbox," although we could see the light in the windows. As soon as I reached the door, I burst in, quite forgetting the gentleman who had so kindly cared for me.

Such a picture as I saw!

Papa sat in his chair, looking the very picture of despair; Dr. Miller leaned against the door trying to look unconcerned, and Reggie and Dick were out looking for me, as I learned afterward.

The orderly put Bertie down in the hall, and I had just time to say:

"Why, papa dear, you were not frightened?" when Bertie ran in shouting:

"Oh, Uncle doctor, I have been to Dixie, and I mean to be a soldier."

"Dear me," I said, "I forgot him, I am so ashamed," and out I ran to usher in the colonel, who looked so amused, I was half provoked with him.

"Papa," I said, "this is Colonel Brentford of Michigan; he is Mary's Uncle Will, whom you have heard about, and I found him on the old bridge; he has shown us all over his camp, and we have had a delightful time."

"I am very glad to meet you, sir," said papa, kindly, "and I hope my little mad cap has not caused so much consternation in your camp as her absence caused here."

"Oh, papa dear, did I worry you?"

"Not very much daughter," he replied, "but our streets are not very safe now, and

you have never been inclined to visit after dark."

Then Col. Brentford explained, with Bertie's help, all about our little journey, and while they were talking, I slipped away to brush my hair. As I passed into the entry, Charlie followed me to say that papa had sent everywhere for me, and Dick and Reggie were still hunting for "the stray lamb."

I think I was never so vexed with myself, and yet it did seem rather foolish to have so many people frightened, because a strong, healthy girl happened to be out a little after candle light.

Miss Lucinda was wiser.

"I thought," said she, "you had walked farther than you intended, and I was sure you were quite able to take care of yourself, but it is all in bringing up; I shouldn't minded going from Dan to Beersheba at your age."

Col. Brentford soon left, after promising to dine with us the following day, and Ber-

tie and I sat down to tea with excellent appetites.

"Papa Warrington," I said, after he had taken his second cup of Formosa, "it was fun to go over there, and so unexpected too."

"A weakness for adventure, Dolly," said he, "well, child, you came honestly by that trait."

"I cannot see the fun in visiting a camp full of rough men," said Reggie, with a curl of his lip.

He had just returned from his search, and left Dick to go in another direction.

"Can't you?" said I. "These men were not rough; they were clean, courteous, and evidently glad to see us. I am going again some day, when papa is willing."

"Yes, the colonel 'vited us," said Bertie, "and he is ever so nice, and says I shall see a big, large cannon, next time."

While he was speaking, in came Dick.

"Well young lady," he said, "it is well you are here, I had just resolved to give notice at the Provost's office, or hunt up a crier."

"Don't, Dick, I am not worth the trouble, and I am really sorry you were anxious about me, but the fact is, I thought I could take care of myself; and I have had a charming trip."

Dick sat down and listened to the story, including Bertie's description of the colonel, who "was most as handsome as papa, and just as tall."

"Very romantic," said Dick, "brass buttons, music, starlight, a long-loved, but newly discovered uncle, consternation at home, safe return, etc., etc., etc."

"Make all the fun you like," said I, "but the colonel dines here to-morrow, and I dare say you will make him invite you to camp before he leaves. I don't wonder Mary praised him, he is a perfect gentleman."

"Certainly," said Dick, "I have heard my father say that brass buttons would make a

barber into a Major General, if he had cheek enough."

I was so annoyed I could not answer, but papa poured oil on the waters by saying:

"He is I think all you claim for him, my daughter, and I shall be glad to see more of him."

"I have no more to say," said Dick, with one of his profound bows, "but to change the subject, I should like to ask doctor, why some of the fellows at our school make it a point to call this august circle, a set of rebels?"

"Who does?" asked papa.

"That Sutler fellow and one or two of them, it seems to me the young parson is a little to blame."

"I am sure of it," said Reggie, with some spirit, "he could stop the whole thing with a few decisive words."

"I hope Professor Marks has sufficient good sense to keep down any turbulent spirit in his school," said papa, "you youngsters have

enough to do to battle with Greek roots, and Latin verbs; don't meddle with the war spirit in any way, for your elders find it a difficult question."

The next day Col. Brentford came to dinner, and we were much pleased with him. He seemed very young to be in such an important position, but papa found he had just been made colonel, and was a great favorite with his command. I did not wonder Mary was so proud of him.

Before he left he invited us all to come over some pleasant day and visit his camp, and as Cora would enjoy it we decided to wait for her.

The next morning after the colonel's visit I drove down to the Seminary Hospital with papa. He made it a practice to go regularly and sit in a little office where all the surgeons could visit and consult with him. He called it "his little mite for his country." Charley called it the "Dungery." It seemed

very sad to find such a change. In the very rooms where young girls had written nonsense, and planned scrapes, I now saw wounded and suffering men. While papa was talking with the surgeons, I called on the matron who was an old friend of Miss Lucinda's, and as she said, "knew all there was to know about nursing."

She had left her home and all its comforts, to do this work from a sense of duty. I had begged for weeks to do some settled work for the soldiers, but everybody except papa and Dr. Howard laughed. When I talked with this good woman, she did not laugh, but said:

"It is born in some to care for the sick, and Miss Lucinda has told me about you. Why don't you study for a doctor?"

I laughed merrily.

"My dear," said she solemnly, "when I was your age I wanted to be a doctor, but it couldn't be done; now, a few brave women

have made the way easy, and you may do a great deal of good."

I never forgot her words, and not long after Dr. Howard kindly made it possible for me to go in and out at the Union where kind Dr. G. soon began to call me his assistant, and told me I had wonderful nerve. He did not know how much I suffered when he called on me to help him dress some dreadful wound; nor did he know that I saw the sufferers before me all night long in my dreams; but the comfort was, in thinking that the men were glad to see me, and often begged me to stay a little longer. Two hours every day, after lessons, I spent among them; often I was tempted to stay longer, but Dr. G. was evidently in league with papa and Dr. Howard, for he would open a door when I was busy reading, or writing for them, and say:

"Time up, Miss Dolly; good bye, until to-morrow."

One day I left papa at the Seminary, and

went on to the Union, to carry some corn cake to a Minnesota soldier, who declared it was the only thing he wanted. Aunt Axy made it for me, and my "Minnesota Boy" was glad to see me coming with my flat basket.

"It is just right," he said, "the very thing! My own wife couldn't do it better," and he insisted on sharing it with every man in the ward, who felt like eating.

"No surgery to-day, Miss Dolly," said Dr. G., "but when you are through here, my little drummer wants to see you. Don't growl boys, because I take her away, another day coming remember."

I read to them from Pickwick, for papa said:

"Sick people have gloomy fancies enough; give them something bright and jolly to think of."

When my time was up, I called on the little drummer, who was crippled with rheuma-

tism, took a message from him to write his mother, and went out saying:

"Good-bye until to-morrow."

But the next was a sad day at the "Wood-box."

CHAPTER XVII.

BATTLES AT SCHOOL.

WHEN I had walked half way up the hill, looking down all the way, and wondering what I should do with Cora, while I went to the hospital, two boys passed me, and one said: "It is a wicked shame, I don't believe he will ever get over it."

"I bet it will break up the school," said the other; I looked up as quick as possible, and saw two of Professor Mark's boys going down the hill.

"Dear me, what can be the matter?" said I hurrying on.

As soon as I reached our door, I knew it was something to do with us, for it stood wide open, and I could smell camphor, Miss Lucinda's remedy for everything. I did not stop to walk, I ran, and went at once to the study.

On the sofa lay Charl, our dear, gay loving Charl, and over him stood Miss Lucinda and Reggie. Dick had gone for papa, and his father, and the other boys were in the dining-room speechless from terror. I took off my sack and hat and went back to the study. No one had spoken a word, but Miss Lucinda sponged his head and hands. On his left temple was a cut and dark bruise.

"Reggie, who did it?" I asked.

"Sutler King."

"Was Bismarck to blame?"

"I think not, most of the fellows think not."

"Has he spoken, Reggie?"

"Not once since the stone struck him."

"If papa would only come," I said, "this waiting is terrible."

Dr. Miller came first, then Dr. Howard with papa. After a few hurried words, Dr. Miller and Dr. Howard lifted the poor boy and carried him up-stairs.

"Papa, is it very bad?" I asked, creeping into my old place.

"Bad enough, I fear daughter," and then he buried his face in his hands, and did not speak again until the two doctors came down-stairs, when he asked Reggie to come in and tell him how it happened.

"The boys were having some talk about the Maryland raid, sir, and Charl was listening with the rest, when the boy they call Sutler said to him, 'Oh, you are one of the rebel sneaks coming up here to be protected.' I was afraid Charl would strike him but he kept quiet, and bit his lips. A brave little fellow from Massachusetts whose father is in the War Department spoke up, and

said: 'Come, none of that, now Sutler; you know these fellows were here before the fighting began.'

"'Yes, precious little while though! everybody knows Miss Warrington's pet rebels,' said Sutler, with a sneer.

"This was too much for Charl, and he spoke: 'See here, young man, you may abuse me if you like, and call me names, but don't you dare to speak one word disrespectfully of a young girl who is not only kind to a lot of motherless boys, but works every day of her life for the Union soldiers.'

"The other boys cried, 'good for Redhead!' and Sutler was angry. Just as we were going in from recess, Sutler threw the stone."

Reggie could hardly speak, and as for me I was crying, with my head on papa shoulder.

Poor little Bismarck! he was suffering for my sake, I thought.

Papa was very cool and quiet, but Dr.

Howard and Dr. Miller were both very angry. I had never seen Dr. Howard annoyed before.

"Richard," said he, "can you tell us anything further?"

"I don't think the trouble all came from this, sir," said Dick, "this talk about the raid I mean; the feeling has been growing. Reggie and the others are better scholars than any fellows in our school, and Mr. Marks has had a trick of calling on them to answer questions where others fail. He generally puts two or three questions on the board every day, and we send in our answers written on paper. Day before yesterday under one of these questions was written: 'Ask the Secession Pets.' Reggie and I saw it first, I think, but Charl did not see it until it was his turn to read a scripture text, then he was so surprised he sat down, and Mr. Marks shouted, 'next,' without looking up. The next boy giggled, and Reggie went forward, and said: 'My cousin's failure,

sir was owing to his surprise when he saw the sentence on the board behind you.' Mr. Marks turned and looked thunderstruck. Then he said, 'The boy who wrote that will please come forward.' No one moved. Mr. Marks was called out then and while he was in the hall, Sutler sprang forward and erased the words while many of the boys hissed him. Mr. Marks heard the noise and put his head in at the door to say, 'Mister Reginald please take charge for a few moments I am called out on important business.' Reggie stepped up."

"No matter about that," interrupted Reggie, blushing.

"Let us have the whole," said papa.

"I did not tell you for fear it might annoy you, sir," said Reggie. "It seemed only a boys' quarrel."

Dick went on.

"When Reggie stepped on the platform to take his seat, Sutler flung a wad of paper, dipped in ink into his face. Reggie wiped

it off, and made a little talk. I can't do him justice, I know, but it was something like this:

"'Boys,' said he, 'I hope you understand that I am no coward, because I have held my tongue when insulted before. I am a Southern boy, it is true, and so are my cousins; we are here to study, not to quarrel, and I ask you if you consider this a fair and just way of treating strangers?

"'I advise you to stop this nonsense, before it grows serious, I have no ill will toward any of your number, on the contrary, I have, I think, some good friends here. Let us stick to our studies, and remember that *gentlemen* are above low taunts and sneers.'

"Everybody but Sutler felt that he was right, and we supposed there would be no more trouble until to-day, Sutler began again."

Reggie sat on the sofa with his head down until Dick was done speaking, then he rose us and went to papa.

"You understand, sir," he said, "that I did

not trouble you with this because it seemed too childish; as our faithful guardian you have a right to know all that takes place."

"My dear boy," said papa, "I understand, and honor you."

"You will never think of allowing them to go back, there?" said Dr. Howard.

"I shall take time to think of it well; meanwhile, the victim of all this petty persecution, and ill will, requires our constant care."

Charlie lay all night in a stupor, but Dr. Miller did not leave him.

The next day Mr. Marks called and held a long conference with papa. He seemed to feel it very much and said that King was one of those coarse, turbulent spirits, it was hard to control, but he had dismissed him from the school, and hoped the other boys would return.

Papa called in Reggie and told him to do as he pleased.

"I think sir," said Reggie, "it will be best

for us to go on as we have been doing in our studies. We must bear our part of the bitterness, I suppose. Col. Brentford said the wife of one of his captains never came down as far as the bridge to meet him, without some southern woman insulting her, frequently calling out: 'Oh, going to meet your Yankee Doodle husband, ain't you?' When educated women do such things I suppose, Mr. Marks, we must not mind rough school boys."

Mr. Marks, who was a little, mild sort of a man, held out his hand to Reggie, and said:

"You look at the matter like a man, Mr. Reginald, and I am sure I wish it were in my power to make your cousin all right once more."

Poor Charl! he was very ill. Every doctor said the chances of his recovery were small.

Day after day Professor Marks called, and went away again with a sad face, when he heard the usual: "No better sir."

In order to keep the house quiet, Walter, Ned, and Reggie went back to school; papa gave up the hospital, and I scarcely left the house.

I think Ned's diary will tell this part of the story best, so I will give it here:

"'Woodbox,' Nov. ——.

"This is a pretty household just now, and I don't see any sense in recording misery, but uncle said this morning:

"'Boys, don't neglect the little books; they will be valuable sometime, —' So here goes:

"Charl is no better; he talks, talks, talks night and day, it is awful to hear him. Uncle has a nurse every night for him, and the rest take turns days.

"Dolly doesn't do anything but watch and nurse him, and when I am out of school, Bertie is my charge. This morning they let me go in a moment to see Charl. I do wish I hadn't.

There he lay with his head shaved, and bags of crushed ice on it, and his fingers looked like birds' claws. He kept them moving every minute picking at the bed clothes. Walt went in once but he couldn't stand it; made him sick all day and he blunders terribly in his lessons.

"Mrs. Miller is everlastingly good; she keeps asking us over there evenings, and tries everyway to amuse Bertie. I wish we could hear from pa but everything is uncertain except war. When I was walking down street to-day, I met a little German soldier and I stopped to talk with him. He had a tin pail in his hand, and he looked so sick, and weak, I asked him where he was going.

"'Puy der milk,' said he.

"Do you belong in the convalescent ward? I said pointing to the hospital.

"'Yes, sur.'

"Don't they give you milk to drink?

"'Blenty, ven I vas in ped, but der ish not

blenty, for mens as ish on der feets, so I takes mine leedle penny, and mine chum's leedle penny, and I puy some milk.'

"He loooked so weak and sick, I said:

"Give me the pail, and do you sit down here on the steps, in the sun, while I bring the milk.

"The old fellow looked me all over for a minute, and said:

"'Dat ish goot, I tinks you are good poy.'

"When I went back and gave him his milk and money, he seemed surprised, but I told him I got it where we bought our milk at the old black woman's, and there was nothing to pay, so he must save his pennies for another day. I wouldn't let him know I paid for it, and the little sick looking chap was so happy over it, I sat down on the steps and let him tell me a long story about 'mine vrow, and blenty of babies out west.' It's awful cruel to think of killing such men. Just think of Colonel Brentford being shot,

and men like my father! I know it is wicked, and I wish it could be stopped.

"Col. Brentford is what Charl used to call a 'perfect brick,' or 'P. B.' He sends every day to know how Charl is, and day before yesterday he made us all go over to his camp, and spend the day just because he heard papa say the doctors would hold a consultation, and he knew we would not be able to study. We all went, except Reg and Dolly; they had to help take care of Charl, and Walter wanted to stay until uncle said he should give him the care of Bertie. We had a good time and found out ever so much about breech-loaders, and different fire-arms. I can't write any more it is too much bother."

Walter, who seemed so cool and calm to others, was growing thin and nervous every day, and as I look into his diary, I read on paper all I saw written in his face:

"The doctors have been here, and spent a long time in Charl's room. When they

came out I saw by uncle's face that they did not hope much, and without saying a word I picked up my hat and made off to the brook. I sat down under the trees, where we used to sit in summer, and thought of everything. If Charl never gets better, what is the use of my living? We don't know about mother, father is gone, and I should be all alone. I don't want to live if he goes — poor Charl, poor dear, old boy — he was always better to think of little things. I don't think this is a very happy world even for boys.

"I wrote that yesterday, but did not finish it, as I was called down to see Professor and Mrs. Marks. They were very kind but I never know what to say, and was glad when they left.

"While I sat under the trees, I heard steps coming that way, and heard Dolly's voice say: 'I must find Walter, and tell him. At first I thought she had come to say the doctors had utterly given Charl up, and I de-

termined not to speak, for it seemed to me I could not hear it said, although I felt sure of it. Before I could speak, another voice said:

"'Isn't Reggie happy?'

"Then I crept out, and there was Ned and Dolly looking for me in a corner of the little grove where I used to sit, and make models out of wood. As soon as I spoke, Dolly said:

"'Oh, Walter, good news! A letter from your mother's nurse, and physician, telling us she is improving, and they think she will be quite well in the course of a year.'

"'They want you boys to send her cheerful letters to help on the good work.'"

Walter's journal suddenly stops here, and I must finish the story.

For a moment his face was bright, and then it clouded over, and he said:

"She mustn't know about Charl, it would kill her."

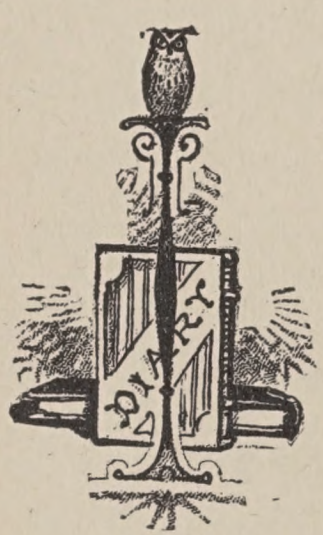
"Of course not," I said, "but I do believe

Charl's case is more hopeful. Dr. Miller said he should hope on, if others did not, and I am sure Reggie and I found him more quiet. We won't borrow trouble, Wally, but you and I will write a long letter, and tell her it will be Charl's turn next time.

She will think we could not all write at once.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD NEWS.



IN Reggie's diary of Nov. 30th, I find the following:

"Good news! Good news! We have heard indirectly from my father, and he is well, but cannot hope to see us now. Aunt Allie is improving, her doctor writes, and dear Charl is able to talk with us a little every day. I never knew how many kind people the world had until now.

"Charl has been loaded down with presents of all sorts. Dr. Miller seems like another uncle, and our dear guardian has not thought of himself for weeks. Mrs. Howard is an invalid, but even she sends something to Charl nearly every day, and Mrs. Miller kindly kept Bertie more than a week at her house. Miss Lucinda and cousin Dolly are quite worn out, I know, but they will not own it.

"The other day, Dolly's friend Miss Cora Birney came to make a visit which the accident had postponed and she too pets our invalid. Both girls declare they will give a grand party when Charl gets well, for the sake of using up all the good things sent in for him.

"I wish papa and auntie could know how kind every one is. King's father and mother feel so bad about Charl they have tried every way to get uncle to accept some present, and 'Sutler' has been sent off somewhere to school.

"Yesterday Mr. King called to say that he kept a little phaeton down here at the stable, and it would please him if we would use it.

"I go to the Union now in Dolly's place and hear a good many funny things down there in No. 3, where most of the men are pretty comfortable. They have a rough way of being kind to each other, which I shall never forget, and they enjoy sharing every little treat, even their letters from home. Walter made a very cunning little engine last summer, and one day I carried it down to show to a young engineer who had his arm torn away by the accidental explosion of a shell in camp; it amused me, to see how eager he grew over it, and how he begged me to pass it around, and let the other fellows see.

"If you give one an orange he is not easy until some one else has part of it. When I sit by them and hear their jokes about the 'Johnnies,' and the 'next cut they hope to get

at the rebels;' I often wonder if they would like me less, if I told them my father was a confederate officer!

"They are brave fellows, and plucky about their sufferings; once in a while a growler is brought in, but he gets very little peace, for the men are sure to call out: 'Shut up,' 'no more of that,' 'go down with the Johnnies,' and other slang expressions which stop all fault finding."

Reggie was very kind about our soldier boys; papa had several pets in the Union, and he often sent Reggie down with books or messages, but he never went himself. Charlie's sickness was a great trial to him, we could all see, although he talked cheerfully.

One night after Charl had been talking too much, and had grown very nervous, he asked papa to let Reggie take care of him, for he had something to tell him. Papa promised if he would be very quiet, and try to sleep as soon as the important council was over

"What do you think he wanted?" asked Reggie, when Charl had at last fallen asleep, and the nurse took his place.

"I cannot guess," I replied, "but if there is any thing in the wide world which the dear fellow wants, he shall have it."

"I wonder you are not tired of us, Dolly," said Reggie, looking as sober as an old man of sixty, "I was thinking while I sat there with Charl, how few people would do for us as you and uncle have done."

"Reggie Gresham, do you take us for heathen? That is not the topic under discussion as Professor Marks would say. What does our dear Bismarck want? Tell me this minute."

When Reggie was gloomy I always pretended to scold, and he was sure to smile before I finished.

"Well dear cousin," he said, "he was afraid his head was not quite right, and never would be, and he wanted me to write a formal request to his mother, and my

father, urging them to secure his portion of his father's property to you as a token of gratitude for your unselfish care and kindness."

"'I cannot rest, or sleep, Reggie, unless you will do this,' he said, and so, of course, I wrote as he wished; then he made me give him a pen, and he wrote his name in crooked letters, underneath the lines. After that, he seemed satisfied and fell asleep."

"Oh Reggie," I said, with tears in my eyes, "he is not worse is he? What did he say about his head? Are you sure he is better, as the doctors all say?"

The dear boy's care for me made me fear he would never be any better, and I was filled with nervous dread. Papa was sound asleep, and every one save the nurse, Reggie and myself, were in bed.

"I think he is better," said Reggie, in his slow, deliberate manner, "but he is weak, and is just beginning to realize his danger."

"But, Reggie, I can't have anything of his,

I will not, I want dear old Charl — oh dear, and I found fault with him the very day he was hurt; because he cracked the glass over my ferns."

"Don't cry, Dolly," said Reggie, "don't cry. Just step up-stairs and see for yourself how the old fellow is sleeping; he will come out right yet, and as to the property, Dolly, do you know I begin to think we are all beggars?"

"Oh no, Reggie, you could not be. Think of all your father's large estates, and Judge Neville's, too!"

"But the property is taken by the Confederate government; the cotton, tobacco, and negroes, will not be of any value now, at least to my father, and young Cooper writes that our house is used for a hospital. Think of it, Dolly, our pleasant home and all my dead mother's belongings."

"Who tells you so? how do you know?"

"Cooper sent up a package to his mother, and I heard of it through the Millers. I did

not mean to tell you, but you see your legacy would never trouble you, and we are likely to, for a long time to come. I feel like running away and enlisting myself, when I think of it."

"Reginald!"

"Yes, Dolly, I am not an idiot, and I know the money which my father put in the bank must be nearly or quite exhausted by this time, and before long I shall speak to uncle about it."

I thought — well, it is no matter what I thought, but I said:

"Reggie Gresham, if you dare to talk any such nonsense when we are all in 'the gall of bitterness' as Axy says, I will quarrel with you outright; don't you lisp it again, he is taking comfort with you boys every day of his life, he said so to Dr. Miller only yesterday, and now you mean to spoil all our pleasure, by talking about enlisting."

"I only want to do my duty, cousin Dolly."

"A queer kind of duty, to leave your brothers, and your guardian; but I should like to know where you would enlist?"

"Here, Dolly, right here, to write in one of the offices; your father would do that for me, and I might earn something for Ned, and Bertie."

"And you wouldn't go through the lines and join your father?" I asked.

"No, Dolly, I couldn't even *write* down the American flag, much as I love my father and my old home; but I cannot be a burden on uncle, and I will not."

Reggie looked so handsome and determined as he said this, that I couldn't help thinking — He is manly enough to do just as he says; so I added aloud:

"Well, Reggie, do you promise me to keep quiet on this point, and I will talk with papa about it."

"How long?"

"Oh, until Charl is strong and well; you

couldn't bring any more worries now could you?"

"No, I only want to lessen them," he said, "I will promise on one condition."

"Well?"

"That my cousin puts an end to her bad practice of reading until midnight, when she is tired."

"But it rests me."

"Will you promise?"

"I will promise not to, while Cora is here," I said, "for the sleepy chick has been dreaming of home or Colonel Brentford for two hours."

"Don't you dream of him, Dolly?"

"No, I never get beyond gruel, bandages, deodorents, wounds, and now and then a little music."

Reggie went off to bed, and I soon joined Cora.

How pretty she looked in her sleep! I am sure I never do. I must pout my lips, and frown just as I do when awake, and for-

get to "look agreeable" as our teacher used to say:

"Now, young ladies, sit up and look agreeable; never mind how you *feel*, always make it a point to *look* pleasant."

I think Cora could, but I was always getting a little snappiness into my eyes, even when I did not feel snappy in the least.

The next day Charl seemed much better, and we looked forward to having him downstairs. Reggie said he never mentioned that little will of his again, and I was glad to think he had forgotten it.

All the time he was sick, Lex behaved quite well, and often gave little talks in the kitchen about "growin' good," and "de 'sponseebility of dat young man what injured Massa Charles."

Cora said she believed he was like the pony she had in the country every summer; whenever he was preparing for any ugly outbreak he was sure to be gentle and good for several weeks; after that — *look out!*

Cora was as bright as a bird, and she never grew tired of the sick room as most girls would, but was a real comfort to me. I told Charl, I should certainly scalp him, if he dared to like her better than his old Dolly.

Poor, wee, wan boy, he tried to laugh, and said:

"My scalp is safe cousin Dolly, but you would be sure to quarrel with me very much if I didn't like her."

"Of couse I should, Bismarck," said I, "no one could help loving her."

CHAPTER XIX.

STRANGE GUESTS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

"NOW girls," said Mrs. Miller, one afternoon, when Charlie was able to sit up, "if you are to go under my wing to the White House, you must prepare for the next reception, for I am liable to be called away now at any time."

"Oh dear," said I, "then I must have a new gown; even a school girl must not disgrace her friends at the 'American Court.'"

"Can't you alter something?" asked Mrs. Miller, "we have so little time."

I thought of the pretty dresses folded away in a trunk up-stairs, but I could not make up my mind to ask papa, for the dear mother who wore them was a belle and a beauty, and I, only plain Dolly Warrington.

The President's Reception was very different from a party, especially if we went with Dr. and Mrs. Miller who were personal friends of the President.

"I will ask papa about it," I said, "and it need not take long to make a dress dear Mrs. Miller, you know I am quick with my needle, as well as my tongue."

"I can help," said Cora, "if some one will tell me what to do; you know I have my lovely pink silk which some good angel put it into Mama's head to buy for me to wear at cousin Anna's wedding, and it is ready to jump into."

Mrs. Miller said she would do all she could for me, and after a little more planning, the important subject of dress was de-

cided upon, and one pleasant day Mrs. Miller called for us in her carriage, for a shopping excursion. Charl was well enough to go down into the study with papa, and we went off in fine spirits.

"Something good, simple, and tasteful," said papa as he gave me a check, "my little bird must not go with clipped wings, or too gay plumage."

"Why, you generous soul, don't you know I must do all I can to look as well as other girls do without finery?"

"Good, simple, and tasteful," he said again, as I closed the study door.

Cora's dress was pink, with puffings of tulle, mine should be pale blue, caught here, and there, with lilies of the valley, my favorite flower. As we rattled along Cora said:

"I do think, Dolly it has never entered into your head to decide what you will ask for."

"Quite time," said Mrs. Miller, "for here

we are at Perry's, and as soon as you have decided, I will coax my own dressmaker to take you in hand."

"If you please, Mrs. Miller," said I, "the dress I would like, would be a pale blue silk, made as simply as possible with a careless looping here and there, of white lilies of the valley."

"Why Dolly," said Cora, "it will be lovely with your complexion!"

"I congratulate you on your good taste, my dear," said Mrs. Miller, "now let us select our silk."

It was great fun shopping with Mrs. Miller; she knew everybody and the clerks were so polite to her, I knew they considered her a person of some importance. The silk was cut and sent round to Madame Waugh's, where Mrs. Miller drove, after a little more shopping for herself. Madame condescended as a great favor, to cut the gown, but she could not promise to have it finished in

time; could not Mrs. Miller's own sewing girl finish it?

Mrs. Miller said, yes — while I whispered, "We can, Cora and I."

So it was settled, and after one or two visits to "try on," and "alter a little," the pretty gown came home, and we girls sat up-stairs in my room sewing away for dear life.

To keep Bertie quiet, I gave him a book of pictures, and sent him into the dining-room with Lex. This plan worked so well I repeated it again, and little dreamed of harm to my pet.

When our fright was over, and our darling was safe in my lap, we let him tell the story in his own way.

"I got tired of pickshures," said he, "and Lex said wouldn't we go walk, and I asked cousin Dolly, and she said 'yes dear, a little way,' and we went.

"When we went a little way, Lex said:

"'Le's we go up to de White House, dey are having a 'ception there, in the afternoon,

for folks that takes cold going out nights.'

"And I said, 'Is that where Dolly and Cora will go?' and Lex said 'yes, most likely you would get there before we did, cause you would ride,' and I thought cousin Dolly would be so 'sprized to see me she would show me to the President, so we went, and went, a big, long way, and by and by, we saw carriages and people there right before the door. Lex said, 'come on,' and I did. Pretty soon we saw two real pretty ladies go in, and we went close behind them, and by and by, we were in a room where it was real crowded, and the President stood there, and a lady with him, and all round were ever so many more ladies and gentlemen.

"Everybody shook hands with the tallest man, so I held out mine, and the President didn't take it, but he lifted me right up in his arms and said:

"'Dear little man, did you come to see me?' and I said, 'yes sir;' then he hugged me real tight, and said:

"Be a good boy, and mind your mother,' but I couldn't tell him about her for they hurried us on so fast into another room, and when I looked back, I saw him shaking hands with more people, and his face looked *puckery* just like he was tired, don't you think he was?"

"Yes darling I haven't a doubt of it, but what else happened?"

The family were all seated about listening, and the little fellow went on:

"The pretty ladies went away, and I told Lex I wanted to see my cousin Dolly, but he said you hadn't come yet, and it was fun to see the folks. Then we stood there until a real kind man came up, and said:

"'Well my little fellow, have you lost your party?'

"And I told him 'No, cousin Dolly would give me one when my birthday came.'

"'I mean have you lost your mamma in the crowd?' he said, and I told him, 'No sir, I lost her in Heaven.'

"Then he laughed and called another man with white gloves on, and they both laughed, and I wanted to cry. Then one of them said:

"'Whom did you come with my boy?'

"'With Lex,' I said.

"'And who is Lex?'

"'He is our servant,' I said, 'but I am afraid he is lost, too.'

"Then one of the gentlemen took hold of my hand, and said:

"'We will find him my little fellow, don't worry; I will take you home myself, if he does not come.'

"'There's Lex,' I said pointing at him, and oh! cousin Dolly, what do you think he was doing?"

"I couldn't tell possibly, Bertie."

"He had picked up two pretty roses somebody had dropped, and he was walking right behind a lady and gentleman with them stuck up in his wool! He looked so funny making up faces, I laughed right out, and



the gentleman who held my hand laughed, too, but a big man went up to him, and pulled him away, then my nice man called him and talked to him.

"'Who brought you here, you young rascal?'

"'My feets, massa.'

"'Where do you live?'

"'Over to Massa Warrington's, sah.'

"'Aha,' said the gentleman, 'so you brought this poor little fellow from Georgetown, did you?'

"'No, massa, he walked.'

"'You deserve a flogging,' said the kind gentleman.

"'Yes, sah.'

"Then this gentleman said to me:

"'Well, my boy, can you tell me your name?'

"And I told him I was Bertie Gresham, from Richmond, and I lived with Dr. Warrington, and cousin Dolly took care of me. Then he said something to another man, and they looked at me, and by and by some more people looked at me so hard, I didn't like it, and the kind gentleman, said:

"'My carriage will be here soon, my little man, and my wife and I will see you safe home.'

"Then we came, and he wouldn't tell me his name, but his wife called him, 'dear,' and the coachman 'general.'"

That was all the child could tell, and we only knew that I went to the dining-room with a box of blocks which I had found

while looking in a closet for a piece of lining muslin, and no boys were there. Axy said, they had gone to walk; but I knew that to be at least, two hours before. Dick and Reggie came in from a tramp; and Walter was busy over a patent lock for his desk. Ned was with Charlie, and no one could tell me anything about my run-aways.

"Gone to the camp," said Dick, "come on, Reggie, let us get them home before dark; these short days cheat you out of your daylight."

"True enough," said papa, "Lex is doubtless anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of the colonel's boy."

I was in terror. Like an old granny as Ned said, I thought first of his health. The child was subject to sore throats, and evidently he had been hurried away with only his velvet jacket, which was quite warm enough for early afternoon, but not sufficient for the cool evening.

"If he only had his coat," I said.

"I could take it," said Walter, "if you would tell me where to go."

Charlie grew so nervous about it we were sorry it had been mentioned in his presence. To quiet him, I ran over to Mrs. Miller's, although I was quite sure he was not there. Then Cora, like a real comforter, sat down and talked to him until he was calmer, and quite interested in her account of a little drummer boy whom she had met the day before.

Ned and Walter went to the stores where Lex was fond of making speeches, but nothing was heard of them, until a carriage rolled up to the door and they were left, without giving us a chance to thank the kind gentleman, whose wife called him "dear," and his coachman, "general."

That night everybody in the house agreed that something must be done to cure Lex of his roaming habit, but the question was— "what?"

Just as I was shutting my eyes, Cora burst out laughing.

"Are you asleep Dolly?" said she.

"How can I sleep, when you shake the bed like an earthquake," I said.

"I was thinking, Dolly, how Lex must have looked marching behind the two fine ladies with the whites of his eyes rolled up."

Then we both laughed, and wondered about the "general."

Lex had his version of the story, which papa called for.

The boys begged so hard to hear it, papa consented, and Reggie brought him in.

"Lex," said papa, trying to look very stern, "how came you to run off with Bertie, without permission?"

"Didn't, sah, Miss Dolly sayed we might go."

"No, Lex, she gave you permission for a short walk, you do not call it a short walk to the White House do you?"

"Yes, massa, heaps shorter dan de walks I took down home."

"Short for you, but very long for a poor little boy who is not strong. Why did you go there? no one invited you, no one sent for you, no one wanted you."

"Yes, massa, Mr. Linkum did; I heerd a fellow down to the store say, Massa Linkum wanted all his friends to come, and I is his friend, sah; 'sides, I wanted to see if Jim Crow told de truff, and he didn't, sah."

"What did Jim tell you?" asked papa soberly, while the boys were chuckling with fun.

"Well, he sayd sar, dat Massa Linkum was the big fat man we see a riding round so much; a very brack man, and he looked so—"

Here Lex put his thumbs in his jacket, and strutted back, to the infinite amusement of the boys.

"He isn't, sah; no sah."

"And you saw the President?"

"Yes, sah, I looked roun' good, till I see some pretty ladies agoin' in, and I said:

"'Massa Bertie dese yere are our ladies, come on,' and we went through a crowd, and then into another room, and there stood Massa Linkum, and he's the one I knowed, cause I've got his picture on a penny, an' he stooped down low, like he was doubling up, and he called me 'little friend,' he had heard of me, I spose."

When he had gone thus far in the story, every one in the room laughed, even papa, and Lex stood looking from one to the other, scratching his woolly head, and showing his white teeth.

Papa sobered down first.

"Very well," said he, "the President spoke to you?"

"Yes, sah, and he took Massa Bertie right up in his arms, and kissed him before all de folks, and the lady that stood by him. I spose she was Massa Linkum's wife. She said:

"'Oh, what a beautiful child,' and she

kissed him, too; then we walked round like all de folks, and by and by a gentleman, 'bout as big as Dr. Miller, with a mustarsh, he come and 'vited us to ride home in his carriage, an' she, the general's wife, she wrapped Massa Bertie all up long side oh her, and said he was a poor little baby, and she wished he was hers."

"Lex, I am very sorry you have done such a foolish thing, and you may have injured your little master seriously. Now in order to make you remember what you are told, I forbid you to go outside of our yard without permission, and to-morrow you will be a prisoner in Reggie's room all day, and he will take care of you. One thing more, I want you to tell me as well as you can, about the gentleman who brought you home. I am very grateful to him, and very sorry I cannot thank him."

"Yes, massa; he had a white coachman with a big, red nose, and he called him,

gin'ral, and de lady was putty as Miss Cora, and she sayed:

"'Better write on your card how we found them, dear, the family must have been so 'stressed 'bout them;' but the gin'ral he only sayed: 'Let them tell their own story, pet,' and so we has, massa doctor."

Fortunately, Bertie came out all right; no cold or sore throat appeared thanks to the care of the unknown lady; but many a laugh did we have over President Lincoln's queer guests.

CHAPTER XX.

LEX MAKES A PRESENT.

OUR first reception was delightful in every way.

Dr. and Mrs. Miller called for us, and we were to meet Major Birney and his wife at the president's. Just as we were starting, who should appear but Colonel Brentford, with a letter for me, from his niece which he had just received in one of his own. Dr. Miller insisted on his going with us, and he accepted, saying he had started with the

White House in view, but did not dream of such excellent company.

When we reached the White House, I whispered to Cora in the cloak room, that I had already seen so many distinguished people, I felt quite *ex*tinguished. We waited a little while for Major Birney, but Dr. Miller grew impatient, and settled matters to please himself.

How he managed it, I never could tell, but before I knew what I was doing, Mrs. Miller was passing in, leaning on the arm of an elegant looking officer; the accomplished and graceful daughter of Mr. Chase followed with her father; Dr. Miller had my arm tucked in his, and Cora brought up the rear, with Col. Brentford. In half a moment I had forgotten everything about me for I was looking straight into the President's face,—his good, strong, homely face, and I heard him say,—"Glad to see you, doctor,"—"God bless you my dear young lady;" and then it came Cora's turn. As we passed into the

little circle, following Mr. Chase, as he requested, I began to get a little more courage, and looked about me. What a remarkable group! What good, intelligent faces! What lovely women!

Cora could talk better than I at any time and now she was just as gay as she could be, chatting with a young foreign minister.

Dr. Miller had forgotten all about me, but I was not alone, for of all the elegant gentlemen present the man I most admired came and stood by me,— None other than Hon. Salmon P. Chase. He was not too grand or self absorbed to notice a shy young girl; and we had such a good little home talk, just as easy as we might have had in the library, at the "Woodbox."

Dolly-like, I said the first thing I could think of, and that was: "How charming your daughter is, Mr, Chase! her head and neck are so perfect in shape, I cannot help wishing I could see them done in marble."

"She is a dear girl," he said, looking fond-

ly at her, "and you shall see what you wish, Miss Warrington, for her foolish old father has it now on his mantel, and you must come to my house, and see it."

"But I am only a school girl, you know, papa would hardly allow me to go out again, this is a little treat to-night."

"Then we will make it very bright for you, if you will take my arm, I will show you something more of the White House, and you shall tell me what people you would like to know."

Then the French minister came up, and we could not get away for some time. Dear me, how thick my tongue seemed, in a second! I forgot all the little French I knew, and yet he insisted on making me speak it, until I appealed to Mr. Chase, and said, "It is the first time I ever tried to talk with a Frenchman."

"Then I advise you to go on, for you will learn more in this way than in weeks from books."

What a kind, polite man, the minister was! I forgot to be afraid, and when he told me that Miss Nettie Chase, the youngest daughter of my companion, spoke the purest French he had heard from American lips, I resolved to go home and study as I had never done before.

Miss Nettie was not there that evening, but many times afterwards I heard her talking, and knew she deserved the high praise bestowed upon her. It seemed to me one of the shortest evenings I ever knew, and when, at last, we came away, I told Cora that I never thought of my dress once, and I presumed it was hunched up, or out of order in some way, when I was walking with Mr. Chase.

"Oh, Dolly dear, you never looked better, I was as proud of you as I could be, and wasn't the whole thing pretty?"

"Yes; I squeezed my eyes up, and it all looked like a gorgeous panorama, but I could

not help shuddering when I thought of the boys in the hospitals."

Dick and Reggie were wishing to hear our story, and we sat down in our finery, to talk it all over.

After I had told mine with Cora interrupting me to add a little now and then,— Dick said, "Well, I have always declared I would never get myself up and go through the ceremony, but on the whole Reg I think it will be something to remember, and I move we go some evening."

"Very well," said Reg.

"Now, Miss Dolly," said Dick, "if you will stop spinning round on that piano stool, and forget the remarkable people you have seen, for ten minutes, I should like to mention another subject."

"Proceed, Dick."

"To-morrow is your birthday; never mind who told me, and Charl and I propose to celebrate. The doctor says 'yes,' of course,

and I only mention it in order to keep you girls from flying off somewhere."

"How jolly!" cried Cora, "we must ask Col. Brentford over, and have a good frolic."

"Will Charl be strong enough?"

"Yes, the boy is full of it, and you are not to ask questions. 'Markie' takes a holiday to-morrow, the doctors will all come, and you are not to go down to the hospital for more than *one* hour."

"I don't think I would call my teacher 'Markie,' if I were you, Dick; it is not respectful, and the younger ones will do as you do."

Dick sprang to his feet and made up a pitiful face, as much like Lex as possible.

"Please, Miss Dolly," he said, "I didn't go for to do it; please 'scuse me, Miss Dolly."

What a Dick!

"Well," said I, "until to-morrow night at twelve, you boys may do as you please, provided you take counsel with Miss Lu-

cinda; after that I shall be older than I am now, and we will see."

"Dear me," said Dick, mockingly, "how one evening out has set the child up! Why, here am I, a whole year her senior, and she presumes to dictate to *me*. Reginald, I can't fancy how you stand it. I must go home and sleep on it."

"Good night," we said, and the merry-hearted fellow ran, whistling, down the street.

The next morning early, Lex was sent away with two or three notes, and I kept my promise and did not ask questions. Charl and papa called Cora in several times to consult with her, and I was entirely left out for one day.

About four o'clock, papa called me, and we had one of our good little talks, after which Cora and I dressed for the evening, and I waited to see what would come. The first guests were Major and Mr. Birney, who had been spending a few days in Alexan-

dria; then Col. Brentford with a friend,—a quick, wiry little officer; Dr. and Mrs. Miller and Dick.

Miss Lucinda appeared in a new dress, with a huge bow of green ribbon at her throat. Aunt Axy hugged me until I could hardly breathe, and then cried because "my poor dear ma couldn't see her baby."

"I think she does, Aunt Axy," said I, "and so does papa."

You see I went to the kitchen to speak a word with her before the guests came; after that I did just as the boys told me.

Dear papa, how happy he was! Dr. Miller told him he was one of the men who appeared at their best with a flock of young people about him.

We had tea in the dining-room, which the boys had kept closed all day, and I was surprised enough when the door was opened. Another table had been added to our extension, and it was covered with good things. The boys had put their money together, and

ordered a large frosted birthday cake; this stood in the centre of the table, with flowers about it, and Aunt Axy's salads decorated every spot which was not filled with pyramids of ice cream, platters of cold ham, piles of light tea biscuit, and baskets of delicious cake. Cora and the boys arranged everything, and I could not help exclaiming, "This is just perfection!"

"The presents are saved for after supper," said Bertie, who clung to me tighter than ever.

"Don't tell tales, little man," said papa.

"No, I won't," said Bertie, stoutly. While we were at supper, in walked Mrs. Thorpe. She had been hard at work for the soldiers in Alexandria, and we hardly expected to see her, although papa had written her an invitation.

How I pitied her, and loved her! What a still calm she had schooled herself to! Her plain black dress made her look paler then ever, but she came in with a grace and ease

which seemed to say: "I have had my merry-makings, and I do not intend to sadden yours."

I could have hugged Reggie for his care of her; he hardly left her for the evening, and she seemed as fond of "our big boy" as papa.

Once, during the evening, the boys begged us for some music and I asked Cora to play, for I knew it would give dear Mrs. Thorpe a heart ache, to see me at the piano.

She must have read my thought, for, putting her hand on mine, she said:

"My dear, play for your friends; do not mind me, no one thing can *recall* an ever-present grief."

Then I played for the boys, trying very hard to think of pieces I had learned since Harry went away.

It was a very merry evening. Col. Brentford taught us some Western games, and after Mrs. Thorpe left, we had a little dancing. Never before did I see papa so gay; now,

calling out to the colored musicians who were a trifle slow; now, joking with the boys, or suggesting words for charades.

The boys had planned to have me see my presents the last thing, in order to give Miss Lucinda time to arrange them on the library table, while we were all busy with music and games. I was glad enough I assure you, for, do what I would, the tears came into my eyes as I looked them all over, and I could only say:

"Papa, I wish you would speak for me, indeed I can't." I always had a horror of books where people were melting into tears constantly, and then coming together again, and I was determined to go through it all with only smiles, but tears *do* express joy, quite as often as smiles, I think.

Lex helped me out wonderfully,— wicked little Lex, with his round bead-like eyes and white teeth, but first, I must tell you about the presents. Papa put his on with his own hands,— a lovely watch and chain, such a

beauty, too! of course, I hugged him on the spot for it; Major Birney, gave me a beautiful coral necklace; Cora, a handsome Russia-leather Bag; Mrs. Birney an exquisite picture of my own dear mother, painted on porcelain, from one she owned at the time of her marriage. I told her I could never thank her enough for that. The boys had a large album with their pictures in it, and on the fly leaf written,

Cousin Dolly

from her loving "Rebels."

"But you are not one of them," said I to Dick, as I turned it over and found his saucy, handsome face.

"Yes, I am," he replied, "and don't you dare to count me out."

I was very glad not to, and I was pleased to see that he had put it by the side of Bertie's, for the little fellow was so fond of

the "rollicking mad-cap," as his father called him.

Every one had something for me; Dr. Miller gave me six solid silver spoons, "for," said he, "girls in their teens should have something which they can use all their lives."

Mrs. Miller gave me a book of plates which she had ordered from London; and even Col. Brentford had a gift, a beauty too, nothing more or less than a small American flag of pure silk, just long enough to hang over the door of the "Woodbox." Miss Lucinda, sensible and practical, presented me with a work-box, fitted up in excellent style; and Aunt Axy, who put in her gay turbaned head to "see how Miss Dolly liked 'em," drew from under her apron a little jeweller's box containing a silver thimble.

"Come Lex," said Reggie, "you have been telling all day that you had a right smart present all ready; bring it in."

"Yes, massa," said Lex, going with a hop, skip and jump to the shed, and soon returning with a basket.

"Here 'tis, Miss Dolly; golly, ain't him hansum!"

He raised the cover, and out jumped a pretty white bantam chicken.

"Oh Lex," I said, after Dick had caught it, and brought it up for me to admire, "where did you get it?"

"Well, you see Miss Dolly, Miss Cindy she told me when I was gwine over with massa colonel's letter to tote dis yer basket down to de ole woman you is always sending things to, and Miss Cindy said how I was not to let it go out of my hand till I come back, an' I didn't once. When I give the ole woman her loaf of bread, an de meat, I cum down long, an' I see a boy, an' he was a-watchin' some chickens out in a little yard, an' I asked him to get me one of those pretty ones, an' I would give him

five cents — I had five cents Miss Cora gave me yesterday "— here he nodded to her.

"Yes, I did," said Cora.

"Well, he catch de chickun, and I paid him."

"But Lex," said papa, "this chicken is worth more money. Did they belong to the boy?"

"I reckon not, massa; he said he didn't live there, *but he knowed de folks!*"

"Oh Lex! Lex!" groaned Reggie.

"What shall we do with him?" said Miss Lucinda.

The rest of us were laughing so we could not speak.

Then papa explained and told him the little chick must be returned. Lex looked so woe-begone, I hastened to say:

"I will go with you, Lex, and perhaps we will see something I should like better."

So the day ended happily, but long after

the boys had gone to their rooms, we could hear them laughing over my queer present, and every now and then Ned would crow so like a young bantam, that Cora and I shook with laughter.

CHAPTER XXI.

THROWING PONTOONS.

I WAS very much afraid Charl would suffer from late hours, and dissipation on my birthday, but he came down to breakfast, and declared himself "nearly sound."

"That head will trouble him for a long time," said Dr. Miller one day, and we found it was so, for he was often compelled to give up everything, and shut himself in a darkened room. The pain was terrible, he could not speak or be spoken to.

Looking over the diaries again, I find an

interesting account in Reggie's, of the first pontoon bridge thrown across the Potomac during the war.

"The Engineer Brigade, commanded by the gallant Col A——, was stationed on the eastern branch, and through our good friend, Dr. Miller, Dick, Dolly, Cora and myself were allowed to go. I don't think any of us knew what a pontoon was, but we were all eager to find out.

"When our carriage drove up to the colonel's headquarters, he came out in full uniform to meet us, and told us Gen. McClellan was expected every moment.

A few officers, and three or four ladies were present, but I did not care much for any of them, until an orderly called out to the colonel, while we were all sitting in his tent, "The general is coming sir." As he came down toward our group on horseback, I could not help thinking of Napoleon, but when he dismounted I was sorry he was not taller. He had only two or three of his

staff with him, and as he rode forward the men cheered him again and again. Mrs. Miller greeted him warmly, and said: "Your soldiers love to do you honor general."

"They are very kind madam, but I wish the good fellows would reserve their cheers until I have earned them by hard work."

Dr. Miller's reply was just the thing. "Ah general," said he, "a battle is half won, when the troops have confidence in their leaders."

After an excellent collation we all went down to the river bank, and in a few moments, boat after boat was put in position, and we were invited to walk out on the bridge thus formed.

"This is pontoon throwing is it?" said Dick, "well Reggie, these men work like so much machinery, what a shame Walter is not here."

"It is too bad," I said, "I wish he had taken my place." Then Col. A. who heard our talk, said: "You can come again, young

gentlemen, and bring your friend; my men have worked hard you may be sure, to work so well."

While we were talking, Gen. McClellan walked forward and stood on the very end of the little bridge, looking up and down the river, as if in thought. Presently two boats came out from the Navy Yard, and for the first time we saw and heard a naval salute.

The whole thing was very pretty, and every one was so polite and kind, I thought we must be seeing the best side of the war.

Some one said the Engineer Brigade was noted for its orderly camp, and Dick and I were sure it must be so, for we went through the company-streets which were laid out like a little town, and when we were invited by the soldiers, we went inside of one or two of the tents and sat down.

Mrs. Miller who knew Mrs. McClellan and was very fond of her, was having a little chat with the general, when we slipped away. By and by we heard her voice near

the tent where we were sitting. "Oh, but you must obey, you know; we all have to, and really, you wouldn't like your wife, or sweet-heart, to see you now."

Dick and I went out. There was Mrs. Miller with Dolly by her side, talking to a soldier, who was marching up and down his company-street, dressed up with a gabion, a large, barrel-shaped thing made of coarse wicker, something like a heavy basket. These are filled with earth and piled one on top of another, to form what we call fortifications, or breast-works.

The poor fellow was inside of this cage, which rested on a stick over his shoulder, and he was ordered to walk all day, because he had disobeyed orders.

Mrs. Miller's kind heart was touched, and she walked up and down with him, urging him to avoid punishment in the future.

"That kind of talk will fetch him," said one of the men, "he's stubborn as a mule, but kind hearted after all."

When Mrs. Miller had quite softened him, she went back to the colonel, and begged to have him forgiven. The colonel smiled:

Mrs. Miller urged.

"Madame," said he, "if you were in my camp you would destroy all discipline."

"Never colonel, I should make your men so good they would not require much."

The colonel's eyes sparkled, but he said with a kind of trying-to-be-severe tone:

"Well, madam, it shall be done, but he must understand that you request it, and a second offence will meet with still more severe punishment.

The poor man seemed glad enough to be free, and I am sure his comrades were right, when they said: "you will never catch him in that scrape again."

How pleasant it is to recall all these things by reading the diaries; how many little things will be remembered which are well worth remembering! and, as papa said, were "making history."

For several weeks matters went on much as usual, with stories, one day of movements, and engagements, which were contradicted the next.

All the newspapers were filled with "On to Richmond," and fault finding because the army did not move.

"Cousin Dolly, come here," said Charlie, one morning, "look at this sight, and then wonder why the army does not go on to Richmond."

I looked from the window, and saw a government bread wagon drawn by six mules; the poor animals were floundering in mud up to their bellies, and on the leader rode a negro, urging them along, while his feet were curled up over the mule's neck. This supply wagon was on its way to the station of the Signal Corps, on Georgetown Heights, and day after day, as we saw them toiling past, we felt that Dick was not very far out of the way when he wished "some of the fault finders had to transport supplies

for a week on their backs." The mud was simply terrible in our streets, what could it be through open fields?

One day, Mrs. Miller took Cora and myself with a nephew of the doctor's, up to the signal station, and the officer kindly allowed us to call the attention of the officer on the Virginia side.

It seemed very simple after all, and I felt quite proud, when by obeying instructions I had conveyed a message to the officer so far away. Mrs. Miller, who knew all about camp life, being the daughter of an army officer, never visited one, without some little token of good will. Her basket of oranges and apples were most acceptable to men who were kept on the hill top, and seldom came down into the mud below. Before we started, Dr. Miller's man had tied up his horses' tails, and we were thankful he did so. In some places, the mud seemed so sticky and deep, I was afraid we should be held fast, and have to abandon the carriage, as we

had seen government wagons left one day in Maryland.

We did very well, however, except Cora, who lost her overshoe when we got out, somewhere in the mud and could not find it. When the doctor's nephew had finished his business, we drove slowly back, after giving Cora a view from the top of our reservoir, which all strangers think very beautiful.

On reaching home we found papa had entertained quite a number of guests, among others, the owner of the bantam, which Lex had confiscated.

The morning after my birthday I had kept my promise and gone with the boy. We had no trouble in finding the place, and I explained it to the woman as well as I could. She seemed very glad to get her little chick back, and quite forgave Lex when I told her he did not seem to know that it was wrong to buy a chicken worth fifty cents for five. She showed us some

pretty rabbits which were only twenty-five cents each, and I told Lex one of those would be very nice for Bertie.

He seemed so pleased with the idea I bought one after he had promised to feed it well.

"But I hasn't got you no present, Miss Dolly, and de money is in my pocket, 'cause Massa Reggie say he don't want Miss Dolly to be having noffin' mean, an' I say, no sah!"

"Well Lex," said I, "here is a store where they keep all kinds of things, even jewelry, shall we go in?"

"Yes miss."

"I will turn my head away, and you may pick out for me anything you like and it shall be all your present."

If you were to guess a week, you could not find out what Lex selected, so I must tell you. A black doll, with woolly head, and grinning, white teeth.

Lex was very wild over it. "O, my eyes Miss Dolly, jis look at him! looks like he jis

come from de Marmie Cloe place down home, jis you see him laff! Got cloes on, Miss Dolly jis like white fellows, oh golly! but he's hansum, te he, he, he."



The little German shop-keeper was laughing so over the boy's pleasure, he did not notice his own baby who was staring at the darkey with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Hi yi!" said Lex, growing more excited when he found I did not check him. "I buy dis yere little picaninie, for you, shure, Miss Dolly."

"I tink not," said the shop-keeper, "de young lady too fine, to blay mit de doll — dese will please her mooch."

He opened a case, and took out a tray full of charms for a lady's chain, and showed them to the boy. For a few moments his eye rested on a little boat with oars in it, but he soon turned from it, to the black baby, saying: "No sah, ye see Miss Dolly she say I pick it out, and I pick *him*, dis yere bressed little baby; does ye see him laff, Miss Dolly?"

"Yes, Lex, he looks very happy."

"Den I buy him," and the boy pulled from his trousers pocket the silver piece which Reggie had given him.

So delighted was he with his purchase, he could not bear to have it rolled up in a paper and the good natured shop-keeper con-

sented to put it in a box for him. Never shall I forget the sport which followed.

At dinner I told the family Lex had bought me a handsome present, but he did not care to have it opened until the family were all in, "'specially Massa Dick."

When evening came, and we were gathered about as usual in the study, Lex knocked at the door.

"Come in," I said. "Well, Lex, now you shall show my present, yourself." With indescribable airs, he opened the box, and drew forth my treasure.

"Capital!" shouted Dick.

"What an idiot!" said Reggie, with scorn.

"He's a beauty, Lex," said Cora.

"Looks like one of slim Joe's babies," said Charlie to Walter.

"What a present!" exclaimed Ned.

Lex began to feel uncomfortable; evidently his young "gemmen" did not value "de hansum baby." To comfort him

I said: "Well, Lex, you have as good a right to select your own present as any one, he is a real pretty baby, and I shall keep him until I am an old woman just to remember this night."

Lex was delighted.

"If he would only wink his eyes," said little Bertie looking soberly at the doll, "he would look like Lex," whereupon every one laughed, and Lex hardest of all.

When papa told us that Mrs. McLoughlin had called, I was very much distressed for fear Lex had been in mischief, but when he added she had come to tell us that a neighbor of hers had just bought several white bantams, and perhaps we would like to buy one or two, as the black boy seemed to feel so bad about it, I was relieved enough.

"Papa," said I, "don't you think Lex would be less trouble if he had something more to do? you know he had pigs and chickens to care for, and pet at home, and he is very

good to Bertie's rabbit, I have half a mind to buy him a pair of bantams."

"Not a bad idea, daughter," said papa, "but I doubt very much if anything will keep the little rascal out of mischief."

Cora and I thought it would work well; we used to have great talks in those days, about making people good, and Lex seemed to need a little missionary labor expended on him.

The bantams were purchased, and a little warm coop made for them.

Lex grew very proud of his pets, and our plan for keeping him out of mischief worked well, but the day Cora went away we went over to Washington and left him at home with Bertie; when we returned they were nowhere to be found. Papa had been fast asleep; Miss Lucinda said they were in the shed pounding on a toy drum of Bertie's only a little while before, and Aunt Axy had not seen them for some time.

"You don't think he would dare go away again with the child?" said Miss Lucinda quite frightened, to think she had not watched him better. "Yes," said Reggie who never had much patience with the little rascal, "he would dare do anything."

"You take off your things and rest, Dolly," said Charlie, "the boys will find them and you know Lex will be sure to come home when he is hungry."

Papa urged, and I did as they wished, but it was then quite late in the afternoon and I was troubled about the child.

I had just put away my hat, when Aunt Axy came in with a frightened face. "It is wuss and wuss, Miss Dolly; the little limb has carted off 'bout half a can of sweet crackers and my dried beef I had jis cut from twice."

"Camping out," I exclaimed, "his head is full of it."

CHAPTER XXII.

A RAID ON THE POTOMAC.

"WHAT shall we do uncle?" asked Reggie, as he and Dick went into the study after a long fruitless walk. Ned and Walter had not returned. Charl was nervous and troubled.

"What did Col. Brentford say?" asked papa.

"No one had seen them there; he thinks they are nearer home."

"Oh, dear," said I, "if I had not gone to

the station with Cora, this would not have happened."

"Don't blame yourself for everything," said Charl, "especially with that little rascal. Mamma always said he needed watching, but he was very bright."

"Col. Brentford thinks a night or two in the guard house would do Lex good," said Dick.

"Six would be none too many. Arnold was opposed to his coming with us, but Aunt Allie favored it," said Reggie, "she was always rather fond of the little imp."

"And here was Dolly telling only yesterday, how much he had improved," said Walter.

Yes, I had been growing proud of my dark pupil, but he was not to be trusted; like Cora's pony, he had evidently been getting ready for mischief.

"Dick," said I, "it is impossible to sit still here, I feel sure they are camping out some where; let us go out once more."

"Where?" said Dick.

"Down by the old bridge," I said, "Lex and Bertie have a fondness for the water."

"But my dear child," said papa, "our friend the colonel can do more with his men in ten minutes, than a young girl in an hour."

"Perhaps so, papa, but I must try. I have heard the children talk so much about soldiers, and camps, indeed, they have played it so often in my room, I cannot help thinking I shall find them. Don't let us give up, and wait."

"Dolly is right," said Ned, "come on Reggie, we will go over to the brook, and let Dolly and Dick try the river once more."

I put on some rubber boots and started with Dick. Once, we thought of turning back to get a lantern, but I remembered the glass was broken to ours, and Dick said he had smashed theirs trying to get it up to the top of their flag staff. We floundered on in the darkness, through mud, and mire, until

we reached the bridge. The sentinel was pacing up and down.

"We wish to send a message to Col. B. of Michigan," I said.

"Yes miss."

He blew a whistle, and a soldier appeared, coming out of a little sentry box. Then we suddenly remembered that a verbal message would not do.

"Hold on," said Dick, pulling an old letter from his pocket and writing rapidly on the envelope, "give this to him."

What he wrote, I do not know, but we walked up and down for some time, all the while talking, and I, not hearing half he said.

Presently we heard voices, and I strained my eyes in the direction of the camp.

"You here, Miss Warrington, and on such a cold night!" said the colonel.

I did not answer him, only said impatiently, "colonel, can't your men find them?"

"I am afraid not; they could not cross the bridge; the sentinels would not let them pass. The colonel of the — Mass., has kindly sent out scouts, and yet I am quite sure they must be on your side of the river."

"We have searched everywhere," I said.

While we stood pondering what to do the sentinel came up and saluted.

"I was thinking, sir, perhaps the lads might have stole a ride in some of the wagons; a good many crossed this afternoon before I came on duty."

"Yes, to be sure," I exclaimed, "when they played camp, I remember Lex always said, "now we must go with our baggage in a guv'ment wagon."

"Will you walk over to our camp Miss Warrington, and let us enquire?"

"Yes anything, anywhere, to find Bertie," I said, "and never again will we trust him with that dreadful boy."

We went over, and Dick sat with me in

the colonel's tent while he went out to consult with the commanding officer of a Massachusetts regiment near by.

After some time, he returned saying he believed we might discover them yet, for one of the teamsters said when he reached this side, he found it hard to get up through the deep ruts, and while the mules were kicking about, out rolled a little darkey; didn't see but one though. He asked him what he was doing there, and he said his massa sent him with a note to Col. Brentford, so he let him go off, and didn't mind where he went.

"Oh Dick," I said, "he has lost Bertie, I am sure, how could he be alone?"

"Don't worry, Miss Warrington, we shall find them now somewhere," said the colonel, "keep as warm as you can in my quarters, while I go out to see how the men progress who are searching the wagons."

The wagons were searched in every direction, but no children appeared.

"Couldn't be in the major's tent could they?" said a little officer, belonging to the —Mass. "I remember hearing voices there, and thought it was strange, for he had gone to town."

Col. Brentford sprang forward and went in; then stepping back quickly, he said:

"Orderly, ask Miss Warrington and the young gentleman to step this way."

I almost ran, stumbling and bumping along after Dick and the orderly.

When Col. Brentford lifted the canvas, I nearly screamed. There was Bertie, our poor, delicate "baby," as we loved to call him, fast asleep on the major's rubber blanket, with nothing over him but a red plaid shawl which I recognized at once as Miss Lucinda's.

Lex was not to be seen at first, but presently we discovered a woolly head sticking out of a U. S. blanket and its owner was fast asleep too.

"Wake him up;" I said, "the wicked boy! and here is my beautiful bag Cora gave me; he ran away with that too."

"Yes," said Dick, "that has evidently been his knapsack, and here are the commissary stores."

Several of the officers laughed outright, when Dick pulled out the dried beef, and some crackers.

"Do wake him," said I, "we must get back; think of papa and the boys, Col. Brentford."

"An ambulance will be ready in a few moments, Miss Warrington," said one of the Massachusetts officers. They were all very kind, and I felt it, but I hardly knew how to say so before so many, so I whispered to Dick.

"Miss Warrington wishes to thank you all for the trouble you have had, and for your great kindness," said Dick, turning to the officers, who had gathered in the major's tent.

Very soon we were homeward bound, not however until we had roused Lex, and made him tell us his story. He was not a whit disturbed, but evidently regarded himself as quite a hero.

"I wanted to camp out, and so did Massa Bertie. I took Miss Dolly's bag to hang on my back like the soljers, and Miss Cindy's shawl was de blanket, I didn't want to go home, an' Massa Bertie he did'nt cry only little, for Miss Dolly; but when I tole him soljers nebber cried, he stop right up."

"If you will allow me to advise," said Col. B., "I should suggest leaving this chap here for to-night; while you get home as soon as possible, with your little charge."

We agreed with him; and I was only too glad to get into the ambulance, and take little Bertie in my arms. He did not waken even with the terrible jolting, only to call, "Dolly;" and when I said, "yes, dear, Dolly is here," he nestled down, and did not speak again until we had him safe at home.

When the family heard all we had to tell, Reggie was so tried with Lex he said he should never again have the care of his little brother.

Papa said that Lex was full of adventure; he was crazy to be in the midst of hubbub, and he thought it would be a good idea to send him off for a few weeks.

Poor little Bertie did not escape this time as he had done before. A heavy cold settled on his lungs, and Reggie said he never heard him cough without wanting to choke that little black rascal.

Lex did not come back. The next day, Col. Brentford sent a note to papa and the essence of it was, that he had talked with Alexis and found him a hard subject, not fit to be the companion of a tender, imaginative child, like Bertie, if papa was quite willing, he would exchange with him, and send over Smith, a likely colored boy who was honest, and helpful, although slower than young

Lex. Papa readily consented, and, soon after, Smith appeared. Gen. Scott rested in peace; Aunt Axy was no longer tormented, and poor little Bertie gave up his travels.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOLLY IS SICK.

THE cold tramp, and worry over the children, proved too much for me, and as I cannot remember all that happened, I shall let the boys tell most of the story.

I was determined not to be sick, and for two or three days I kept on with my lessons, and went down to the hospital, just as I had always done, until one day, I could not see for the pain in my eyes, and when I tried to dress for breakfast, I fell back on the bed, sick and faint.

"Bertie, ask Miss Lucinda to come," I said, as soon as I could speak. The little fellow called her, and she soon had me in bed, where I shivered, and shook for an hour, before a high fever came on. Oh it was so wretched being cooped up when I had so much to do, and papa needed me so much!

"Miss Lucinda, can't you ask Dr. Miller to step in without letting papa know? he would give me something, and I could soon get down-stairs," I said laughingly.

"It is my opinion," said she, curtly, "that you will just keep still, and be taken care of; as to Dr. Miller, I dare say he will come."

As soon as she left the room I tried once more to get up, but it was impossible. I ached from head to foot, and I crawled back to my bed, at last convinced that I must be sick.

In half an hour Dr. Miller came; he was very kind, and gentle.

"Caged at last, are you, little Birdie?" he said, taking one of my hot hands in his.

"Oh, doctor," I said, "can't you get me well quick? I was never sick before since I was a baby, and papa can't spare me."

He took a little vial from his pocket, dropped something into a tumbler, and gave it to me, holding up my throbbing, thumping head, with his own hands.

"Now, Birdie," he said,— that was his pet name for me — "you must listen, you are a sensible soul, and I will talk to you honestly. If you are very careful, we may fight off typhoid, if not,— look out!

"You must keep here in this bed, until I tell you to get up; you must take it for granted that your little world will go on without you although not half so well, you must take all the beef tea, and good things I order, and then I hope papa will have his housekeeper down-stairs in a few days — Will you promise Birdie?"

It seemed easy enough to promise him,

while his hand was brushing my hair softly, and his calm, pleasant voice was in my ears, but when he had gone, I began to worry about Bertie, to wonder if Reggie would go to papa, to think of the men at the hospital, and my music lesson. Oh dear, it was so hard to be sick!

The pain in my head grew so bad I could not keep still, and it seemed to me that all the wagons in the street, and all the noise of the house was inside of it. By and by the door opened, and there was papa with Reggie and Dr. Miller helping him into his chair. "He would come," said Dr. Miller, "and I think you had better keep him up here for a day or two." They rolled his chair up to the bedside, and then left us alone.

"My darling," said he, "I wish I could save you from this, but my brave little girl will be patient, and we will soon have her about again."

"I am not very sick papa, only tired, so

tired I can't think, and my bones ache so! Do you know, I never thought I had bones before."

"Suffering has never made you conscious of a body, dear."

After a time, I opened my eyes again, and saw papa writing with his study table before him; then Miss Lucinda brought something which she called beef tea, but it did not taste like anything, and the person who drank it, did not seem to be myself — Dolly. They all did just as they pleased with me, and I let them; I knew when people came and went, I knew they were trying to keep my room very still, and it rested me to have papa so near, but I could not talk, even when I heard their questions.

Dr. Miller came in often, and I know he kissed me on my forehead, but I seemed to go to sleep after that, and must read what Reggie said about it in his diary.

"Dolly is sick, and the house seems turned upside down. Everybody mopes.

They keep her room very quiet, and uncle stays there all the time. Dr. Miller says he hopes they will prevent a settled fever. Yesterday, Miss Lucinda and I moved Bertie's bed into my room, and Dolly shall not have him again, I did not know he was so restless nights; poor girl, she must have had a hard time of it! Dick comes in half a dozen times a day, and his mother is devoted to Dolly. Uncle is so very quiet I cannot bear to look at him although when I carry up his tray he never fails to say, 'Ah Reggie, one more thing to thank you for,— or, Reggie, my boy, we could not get on without you.' It is poor comfort to me when I know Dolly took this dreadful cold looking for my brother. Dr. Miller says she has been over-doing for a long time. I suppose he means since we came. I wouldn't care if there was anything we could do."

Poor Reggie! he was growing morbid under his worries.

Ned writes in a different strain, for Ned was a Mark Tapley for jollity.

"Poor dear Dolly is up-stairs sick, bless her! I peeped in through the door to-day, and saw her; she looks like a picture with her waving hair, and rosy cheeks. Uncle says she is doing very well, and we need not be worried she has such a good constitution. Charl frets all the time because we cannot do anything for her, although he looks after her bird and flowers every day.

"Walter has been busy making her a bed-rest something like uncles; and Reggie is a regular old hen, clucking around after Bertie."

"He sleeps in our room now, and I suppose it is right to look after your brothers, and all that, but it isn't nice just the same, when they wake up in the night, and howl for cousin Dolly, or a drink."

"Dick is a jewel; he is in and out at all hours, always bright and funny. It does not seem possible, that we have only known them since the war, they are so good,— the

Millers, I mean,— Mrs. Miller is real young, and as jolly as Dick; she often sits with us evenings when Dolly is sleeping."

At last, after nearly two weeks I was able to sit up and receive calls. Reggie was like another boy when he saw me in the large chair. I think he really fancied I would die. He told me about the men in the hospital, and gave me a little reel for silk which an artilleryman had made for me, since he heard I was sick.

Walter's bed-rest proved very useful, and I often sat propped up with it, before I could sit in my chair.

Charl thought it his place to sit by me, and wait upon me, and the rest knew he would like to do as I had done for him. When Dick came, I was delighted to see him. His mother was sitting with me and papa had been carried down-stairs to attend to his neglected duties there.

The first thing I heard was:

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something evil this way comes."

And in walked Dick.

He stopped a moment, and seemed surprised to see me looking so thin; then he came forward, and took both hands in his.

"Mother," said he, "do you hold on to her all the time, to keep her from blowing away?"

"Not quite," said Mrs. Miller.

"Dolly, I am jubilant! it is a feast for sore eyes to see you even in the picked-chicken style."

"And I am glad too, Dick, you have all been so good to me I don't know what to say, I never was sick before."

"No, I suppose not, but couldn't you manage, Dolly, to be content with this experience? couldn't you 'slow down' a little, and not get up any more raids into Dixie?"

"Dick, if you tease I shall put you out," said his mother.

"Never felt less like it in my life, mother;

the fact is, we had a time of it, searching for those young rebels — and I was to blame for letting Dolly expose herself so."

"Hush Dick," I said, "no one was to blame but Lex. Tell me about him, please, Reggie doesn't want to hear him mentioned."

"Didn't he tell you what Colonel Brentford said?"

"Not a word."

"Well, when he told the little darky that he was never coming to see us all any more, — I say *us*, Dolly, for I want to be counted in, you know."

"Yes Dick," I said, "you shall always be counted in, after that terrible night."

"Do you hear that, mother? *always*, remember, you are a witness."

"Go on, Dick," I said laughing.

"Well, when he told him, Lex cried, and bellowed as if he had beaten him; while he was doing the operatic, in fine shape, the colonel called to his orderly:

"I want you to take this boy to the bar-

bers and have his head shaved; then go to the store, where we called for men and boy's clothing, and pick him out a good strong suit of clothes; these are not fit for camp life." Lex sprang up at once and shouted, "Oh, massa colonel please tell him shiny buttons, real shiny buttons like yours, I don't want to go back, no sah, I'll jis stay an' be your boy forever, 'deed I will." "Well, well, order shiny buttons, "said the colonel to the orderly, whereupon Lex danced round like a young baboon and never thought again of the friends who had done so much for him."

"Ungrateful little wretch!" said Miss Lucinda who had been listening to the story. "Just think of the hours, I have spent mending his clothes, and here is Miss Dolly who has been teaching him every day, as if he were a gentleman."

"I am glad he is gone now, however," said I, "for I was always in terror for fear he would get into mischief of some sort."

When I was well enough to get down-

stairs, I went into the kitchen and asked Aunt Axy how she liked the new boy.

"Oh, he's *folks*, he is; minds his work, and doesn't give no sass."

"And what of Lex?" said I.

"Miss Dolly," said the old lady, solemnly, "I 'clar to gracious, I is that riled when I think of the ongrateful varmint, I jist want to wallop him! such cuttins up, as he would have in dis yere house! he tried my soul, deed he did."

"You should have complained to us."

"Complained! Does ye think I has nothin' but growls for you and yer pa, bout a shiftless nigger? No miss; but I fixed him one time good." Aunt Axy rolled her hands up in her large apron, and chuckled.

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Ye see, Miss Lucinda, she told him one day, if he didn't behave better she'd tell massa, and thin he sassed her, a spell through the door, but he darsn't come in ye see. When she went up-stairs he came

round sassing me, and when I stood it long enough, an he stuck his head in again, I jis up with my soft-soap bowl, and let it fly right in his face; he spit an' sputtered, like a mad cat, but he stopped his sass."



Poor old woman! the little rascal must have troubled her.

Smith proved a very valuable servant, and it seemed a pity to take him from the colonel.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"A CORNED PIG."



ONE evening after I was quite strong and well, I found a cork screw note on my plate at supper, and on opening it, I read as follows:

"The pleasure of your company is requested in the kitchen, at 7:30 P.M."

"Now, what mischief?" said I.

"Nothing, cousin Dolly, nothing wrong,

Miss Lucinda will tell you so, but you must accept."

Papa's note was precisely like mine, and we agreed to accept.

"Don't come too early," said Ned, "that will spoil the fun."

To my surprise, Dr. and Mrs. Miller were invited, and both came promptly. When we reached the kitchen, we laughed outright. The boys all had on paper caps such as cooks wear, and Dick had an enormous white apron of Aunt Axy's, tied about his waist. He stood with Reggie, in the middle of the floor, and waved his hand toward some chairs.

"Welcome, ladies, and gentlemen; welcome!" said Reggie.

"Right-loyal welcome, fair Princess," said Dick, making a grand bow, which wound the apron about his long legs.

Charl was seated on a corner of the large kitchen table, picking over a pan of pop corn which Walt and Ned were filling as fast as

possible, each armed with a popper. Bertie, dear little man, was shelling corn from the cobs, and Aunt Axy was stirring a basin of "taffy," or molasses candy.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Dick, after we were seated, "it is my pleasant task, ahem!—to—ahem!—welcome you, ahem!"

"Dick," said his mother, "let poor Mr. Marks alone, and talk like yourself."

Dick straightened himself up.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the noble lady requests me to talk like myself, I forbear, being somewhat lengthy, you might be weary."

"Better let him alone," whispered papa to Mrs. Miller.

"We deal to-night, ladies and gentlemen," — this was uttered in a deep voice, to imitate Charles Sumner, and so well was it done, we all recognized the hit, then instantly changing it to a high key, often adopted by speakers in the House of Representatives, he added, — "with that noble ani-

mal of historic fame, vulgarly called the pig. Charles Lamb immortalized it as Roast Pig, but we will present it in a sweeter and more toothsome form. It has been said by some extinguished wit," — here Dick put his thumbs in his vest, scowled, and talked rapidly, imitating a well known Senator,— "'that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' Ladies and gentlemen, this is not always true of the pig. I assert it, sir, not always true; for it is my purpose to prove to you, that no sweeter pig ever existed than our pig, and you may call it by its own name. Let us examine this matter carefully, as becomes statesmen," — here his voice was again changed, and he pressed his fore fingers together as if attempting to prove a very important point.

"Take, if you please, the first letter of his name — *P* — ah! how many precious, pretty, poetical associations cluster about that one letter and its curl is just as graceful, whether it begins putty or peace. Then there is — *I* —"

here Dick's pompous manner caused every one to scream with laughter.

"The boy is a genius," whispered papa to Mrs. Miller. His father laughed until the tears rolled down his face, and Miss Lucinda said over and over again:

"Well, I never!"

As for me, I could not take my eyes from him, for one moment, although I laughed with the rest.

"The power of *I* is indescribable. It has won elections, and women's hearts; it has paraded for years in Congress, and staid quietly at home; it is the beginning of things invisible, and in Latin or English means only *I*.

"Then there is *G*., what a curling, graceful letter it is! how deceitful too! looking so modest in goodness, so lordly in grand, and, so commonplace in grunt. It is a wonderful letter, ladies and gentlemen, and p—i—g— is a remarkable word. Still more remarkable will be the one which it is our purpose to

present to you. It may not be a lamb-like pig but it will be eatable from the end of its pouting lips, to the tip of its curling tail.

"Ladies and gentlemen I invite you to witness the ceremony."

Dick rolled up his sleeves, washed his hands, and proceeded to take the basin of boiling syrup from Aunt Axy. Reggie stood ready with a large spoon.

In a few moments they had poured the hot liquid over the crisp white kernels, which Charl had so carefully separated from the "old maids," and while we were still laughing over the capital burlesque Dick had just given us, the five boys began to manufacture out of the mass, some very nice corn balls.

"Charl," called papa, as he stood waiting his turn to dip in the large pan.

"Yes sir."

"Come here, one moment. Did Dick write his speech?"

"No, sir, no indeed; it was all done in a moment. You see our molasses took so

long to boil, we were not quite ready when we heard you coming, so Reggie asked Dick to talk a few minutes to fill up the time."

"Capital," said papa, "capital."

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Miller, looking with loving eyes at her handsome boy, "I am sometimes afraid his powers of mimicry will exceed the bounds of courtesy."

"Never," said papa, "with you to keep it in check, until he is old enough to use a little caution. His command of language appears to me quite wonderful."

"That is largely owing to early training. When very small, he attended a school where every pupil was obliged to express himself in his own words, and the use and meaning of every word was taught. I believe in it thoroughly."

When a platter of balls was ready, Dick took a large tray and began placing them in order, with the aid of a little hot syrup; and in a few minutes, a good sized pig stood before us, with a corn cob stuck under its nose

and a curly tail made by sticking single kernels together. The likeness was excellent and of all the laughing party none laughed longer or louder than little Bertie.



"Ladies and gentlemen," said Dick, "behold, a well corned pig!"

Then we ate it up, and finished the evening with games, and stories.

Dr. Miller said when he went out, that never had he enjoyed a frolic so much since he was the age of his own mischievous boy.

"Good night, father," called Dick, "if you wouldn't mind, you might pay my board for this quarter, before you go."

"It is quite time, I think," said the doctor, "for I am sure you spend more hours here, than at home."

"Never too many for us," said papa.

"No indeed," I added.

"We must make the most of our friends while we have them," said Mrs. Miller; "these are unsettled days."

"Yes, yes," said papa, "let them get all they can out of the days together, they will not last forever."

I thought of Harry Thorpe.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard had been called away only a few days before, he on duty for the government, and she as she said, "on duty for him." Changes were constantly taking place about us and we young ones

felt it quite as much as our elders. The news from Mrs. Neville was encouraging, but from Richmond only rumors, which worried Reggie until he was as blue as a jay.

Papa always hoped, and would try to cheer him up by saying:

"Count your blessings, my boy, count your blessings. If you are in a tight place or a dark corner, don't make it worse by brooding over it, but think of the things you have to be thankful for."

Col. Brentford was soon ordered into the field, and as the days moved rapidly away, we found it was time to hear from him.

These were the days when we boys and girls lived a year in a week; and took as much interest in every movment of the troops as the veterans who had been under fire.

CHAPTER XXV.

A REPENTANT DARKY.

ONE day when we were all seated at the dinner-table, papa drew from the little pocket of his rolling chair, a letter, which he said would do well for dessert.

"From whom?" I asked.

"A gentleman who left us not long ago, and who was very kind to some tramps of mine one chilly night."

"Oh, Col. Brentford. Is he quite well?"

"You shall hear presently."

The boys hurried down their dinners, boy fashion, for they were all fond of the colonel.

As soon as Smith had finished his duties and left the room, papa began to read.

"Headq'rs. on the Pamunkey."

"Where in the world is that?" said I.

"Get out your map of Virginia when I have done, and hunt it up," said papa.

"I know," exclaimed Reg, but papa went on:

"Dear doctor, and friends at the 'Woodbox':

"I will try to keep my promise under adverse circumstances. We came here two days since, and our supply trains have not arrived, consequently the men are growling. I dare say you know more about our movements than we do, for we go blindly on, as we are ordered, and often think there is terrible blundering somewhere. The sooner this government makes up its mind that it has a powerful foe to contend with, the better it will be for us. But enough.

"Your Lex is a study, I wish Miss Warrington could see him now; the little darkey is nearly frightened to death, and all the brass buttons in camp, cannot keep him from feeling homesick.

"As luck would have it, we were ordered to an important post as soon as we arrived, and in the scrimmage I was so unfortunate as to have my right arm hurt a little. Lex was nearly wild at the sight of blood,— actually gave up and was sick. Our surgeons call it an attack of 'white liver fever,' and hint that it sometimes seizes on whites as well as blacks.

"Tell Miss Warrington I am now writing with my left hand, a trick which I practised at school, little dreaming that the broad right one would be useless some day. But, to return to Lex.

"The other day he came to me when I was writing and hung about for some time, looking very forlorn. 'Well, Lex,' I said 'what is it?'

"'Is you writin' to massa doctor, sah?' 'No, Lex, writing home.'

"'Would you be writin, to de doctor and de young gemmen some day?"

"'Yes, Lex, very soon; do you wish to send a message?'

"'I would like to write my own self, sah, Miss Dolly she teached me how.'

"'Very well, Lex, here are pencil and paper, do your best.' He went off very happy and brought me the enclosed note as the result of his efforts.

"I often think with gratitude of the pleasant home life, which you permitted me to share in Georgetown, the only pleasure of the kind I have had, since leaving my own home.

"If it is our good fortune to meet once more I hope it will be in my power to return kindness for kindness.

"With kind regards for every member of the family, not forgetting my boy Smith, I am

"Most truly y'rs,

"Wm. Brentford."

"Just like him," said Reggie, "he is a splendid fellow."

"I am sure he never allowed a day to go by without remembering us," said Charl, "just think of the flowers for Dolly, and the gimcracks for Bertie."

"I should like it better if he had said something more about *the scrimmage*," said Walter.

After every one had made some comments on the letter, we were all so glad to receive, papa opened the other,— a blurred, blotted, dirty note addressed in this wise:

"Mr. dockter Warrintun Gorgtun. d. c.

"Deer Sur. I Have akted awfull bad and I am sorry. Mr dockter if you will plez too lett me Kum Hom I will Bee a good Dootifull Boy and Mind yur Ordurs

"Yurs Humble

"Survant

"ALeXis."

"The Bullits hits round here an Magur Prays boy he sayed I wud git hit caus they Kin see my IZe so Far."

How we all laughed.

"Well daughter," said papa, "your pupil has done wonders."

"She tried hard enough to teach him," said Miss Lucinda.

"That's a fact," added Charl.

"Show it to Dick!" shouted Bertie, "keep it 'till Dick comes."

"He shall see it, dear," said I, "and now papa, if you please, I will go out and read this wonderful epistle to Aunt Axy; the good soul was terribly tried with that boy."

Out I went, with all the boys but Reggie following. Aunt Axy was very busy scouring tins, but stopped at once and heard me read Lex's letter through; then with her face shining she said:

"Scared! dat's what he is; scared mos' out o' his life, I tole him so, I tole him."

"What aunty?"

"Well, ye see, Miss Dolly, one night when I was kind o' tellin him bout dese yer goins on o' his at prayer time an' sich, sez he, pert as could be: 'Now, marmy, what's de good of all dese yer prayers? de Lord he make us an' he kin take care on us an' we needn't min' bout his work.'

"I'd clare, Miss Dolly, I was jiss mos' choked with sich blasspheemerin; but he jiss kep' on sassin' roun' here a spell, an' I tell him to stop, if he didn't min' 'bout his prayers de Lord 'ud put dat black skin o' his in sich a tight place he'd be berry glad to pray to git out; an' now Miss Dolly he's thar for shure."

"But you know we don't always get all we pray for, aunty," said I.

"Shure nuff, honey, shure nuff, jiss you min' dis yere. He nebber slumbers, nor sleeps, an' ye don't s'pose he's agwine to answer what we asks for when we's sleep half our time? Nebber honey! you jiss pray an' pray an' de Lord he jiss whispers to hiself

'now dat ar chile, she see only de beginnin', an' I knows what's good for her.'"

I always loved to hear Aunt Axy talk about such things for she was so good and sincere you couldn't help thinking she was a true Christian; sometimes, I did not quite understand her, but very often she helped me out of a mental puzzle.

"But aunty," said I, "how can we tell when we are right? I am sure I prayed and prayed when papa was hurt that he might get well and still he suffers."

"Miss Dolly," said the old woman, pointing her fat fore-finger at me, 'you has heaps o' things to learn. How does you know that your pa's 'flickshuns ain't de berry best kind o' gettin' well? Ef he was a stout, hearty man like he was 'fore dat night, does you s'pose he'd be sittin' here so patient teachin' an' workin' for dese yere orfin children makin' 'em all good, ebery bressed day?

"Does you 'spose you own self 'ud be so settled like an' kind to de pore little fellow

dere wid his arms roun' ye, if you hadn't been 'flickted yer own self?"

"I am afraid not, aunty," I said, giving Bertie a little hug, "but it bothers me, when I can't see my way out of a trouble, and we may pray all we like, it don't seem any clearer."

"Persisely, Miss Dolly, *persisely*, 'cause you jiss sees half way through dis yere walk wer'e a takin', and de Lord he sees de end, clar through, an' he jiss brings us right out in his own way. It's jiss like de tunnel on de rail-road whar we went through, dark in de middle but light nuff to blind yer eyes at de oder end."

"Where's Dolly?" called Reggie, in the hall.

"Here we are," answered Ned opening the kitchen door.

"Busy?"

"Oh, no, I read Aunt Axy the letter, and she gave us a little sermon, I like her sermons."

"Tell me," said Reggie.

"You should have heard it," I said, "she was proving to me that the best thing which ever happened to me was papa's getting hurt."

"I don't believe it," said Reggie with emphasis.

"Perhaps she is right," I said. "I may have needed the 'flickshun,' as she says, but I don't think papa did, he was always good."

"I suppose she would say it is all right for papa to be down there, auntie so far away, and all the rest of these worries which torment me so. Dolly I can't see it."

"I don't think I do, either, Reggie, but I should like to feel so sure and satisfied as Axy does," I said, as we all marched into the dining-room and I sat down in the bay window to shade a drawing I had made of Baker's Island.

Reggie went to his books, and Walter to his beloved tools, Bertie sat down with pen-

cil and paper to draw as cousin Dolly did, and Ned and Charlie sat by, watching me.

"I suppose," said Ned soberly, "that Aunt Axy is a real Christian, but I don't understand her."

"I think I do," said Charl, quietly; "when I was sick I used to think, and think, and I couldn't understand why I should have a poor sick mother, why *he* should die, and we all have so much trouble. It used to fret me a good deal until Dick said something one day that made me feel differently."

"Dick!" I exclaimed, "Dick Miller! I did not know he ever had a sober thought in his life. Do tell me about it."

"Yes," said Ned, "if rollicking Dick has turned parson let us hear; he's a jolly good fellow but none of your awful pious sneaks."

"Hush, Ned," said I.

"One evening when he was sitting with with me, I felt pretty cross and I was growling about being sick, and wondering about mother and all that, and old Dick he sat

there listening patiently, but by and by he reached over, and took my hand and held it.

"'Charl, my boy,' said he, 'who built this little craft?'

"'I suppose I know,'" I answered in a cross tone.

"'Do you? Well, just look at one of those finger nails will you, got up in good shape isn't it? finished just right, stayed well at the corners, strong and useful, not a bad color either, for a sick fellow. Do you think you could get up a better one?'

"'Don't fool,' said I.

"'Never felt less like it in my life, it hurts way down, old fellow, to see you here, and I feel like knocking somebody over every time I think of it, but that won't help you; a cracked head isn't the worst thing in the world, my boy, especially when you have a housefull of people getting down on their knees, so to speak, to worship. I think I I shouldn't mind having mine cracked a lit-

tle, if Dolly, for instance, would weep over, and pet me as she does you.'

"'What has that to do with finger nails?'

"'Oh, yes, beg your pardon,' said Dick, with one of his little laughs, 'I was about to remark, that I had a kind of feeling — might be mistaken you know — that any Being who could get up a hand like this, so perfect, so complicated, and so helpless, and yet make it only one small part of a wonderful machine, might be trusted to keep it in his own way, *provided* no one tampered too much with the screws.'

"I kept perfectly still and he went on: 'neither you nor I could work Walter's patent affair down there last summer, as he could; he knew best about it, and without prolonging these remarks, I think between you and I, bad grammar Charl, but a common blunder, that there is somebody who understands your machinery a little better than you do.'

"I kept quiet a few moments longer, and then I said:

"'Dick are you a Christian?'

"'No, Charley, I'm afraid not.'

"'Well, what makes you so jolly, and happy? I wish I could keep it up as you do, but I can't. One day I am full of fun, the next cross as a bear, and sure to snap at some one. How do you manage it?'

"'You know old Plato, Charl?'

"'Think I ought to,' I answered.

"'Well, he calls a boy a "vicious animal."'

"'He is about right, too,' said I.

"'Well, mother and I have had heaps of talks about it.'

"'There it is, Dick, you have your mother.'

"'So have you, hasn't she been racing in and out here for weeks to take care of that "dear boy?" I am almost jealous, Charles my lad."

"'You needn't be; I am deep in love with her, though. Go on.'

"'What were we talking about? oh, "*vi-*

cious animals." Well mother never preaches you know, she *lives*, and that is the best kind of gospel, father says, — but we talk about all sorts of things, we are jolly chums you know; once, when I had a fever only two years ago, she never left me night or day, and I did the tallest amount of thinking, I can tell you. I used to say over and over to myself, how does she keep so cheerful and pleasant? one day I asked her.'

"'"Ah, laddie dear," she said, "it is just as much one's duty to be pleasant and cheerful, as it is to eat."

"'"But it isn't natural mother."

"'"Then the fight is harder, Dick, and the reward greater."

"'She has seen no end of trouble, buried all her children but me, lost nearly all her relatives, and had a rough time of it generally.

"'Your mother, Dick, and she so young?'

"'Yes, sir, my precious mother,' he went on: 'so I thought it over with Dick Miller

Junior, and I said: "now sir, no whining, or whimpering, if you *feel* as ugly as the dickens, look as sweet as a saint, make up your mind to be jolly, and make everybody else so; when you feel ugly go and have it out by yourself."' "

"That is why Dick's good-nature never fails," I said, "I have always envied him his disposition, and lo, he makes it what it is. I do believe he plans pleasure for others, every day of his life."

"*I know it*," said Charl, "his mother used to say to him when he was little: 'Well, dear, whom shall we make happy to-day?'"

I bent my head low over my drawing to hide the tears; if I only had a mother! I thought; but I said: "It is good of you to tell us, Charl dear, I don't think we ever gave Dick credit for his real goodness, which he hides under his fun and teasing;" but we had not time to say anything more, for in walked Dick himself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BREAKING UP.

I HAD not time to hide my tears and smile, before he called out:

"There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as crows could be."

"Where are the rest?"

"Reggie in the study, Walt in the shed, and—"

"*Nuff sed, nuff sed,* I came to tell you some news."

"Good or bad?" I asked.

"Miss Warrington, do you take me for a raven?" said he, making a horrible face.

"No, sir, only Dick Miller."

"*Eggs*-actly, as Smith says; well I think you will consider it good for me, wise for me, bad for me, and yet best for all of us. How do you like that for a riddle?"

"Don't bother, Dick, I must be getting nervous, for I live in constant dread of something terrible since the war began."

"No, Dolly, you shan't be teased; my friends, I am going away."

I sprang from my seat and then sat down again, making little stabs in my drawing with the point of my pencil.

"Where Dick?" asked Ned.

"To New York. Mother's old aunt is worse, and left alone with hired servants; father is here, there, and everywhere, as you know, and the court decrees that I go to and enter the Preparatory School which my beloved pater attended in order to get ready for college."

"Oh, Dick, I can't let your mother go! it seems wicked; every one has gone and left me that I cared for and your mother seems so much, such a — Dick! isn't there some other way?"

"No, Dolly," said Dick, taking the drawing from my hand and rolling it up. "You have spotted this, let me take them off for you; may I?"

"Yes, I don't care," I said, recklessly, "let us go tell papa."

We went into the library, and sent our news like a bomb shell into the little camp.

Reggie got up, and walked the floor; papa took Dick's hand in his, and said:

"You have been a comfort to us all, my boy, and no one will miss you more than your crippled friend. It is a duty-call, and you would be a poor soldier, not to go when the trumpet sounds."

"It's hanged mean!" said Ned.

Charl was silent. I knew he was thinking about our talk, and watching Dick.

I was almost angry with Dick Miller. There he stood, holding my father's hand, and not saying a word; it looked as if he were glad to go and leave us all, and then I thought of his mother, of her care and love for me, of our visits together to the hospitals, of our long talks, and walks, and it seemed too hard to bear, so I slipped out of the room and went back to my corner in the bay window of the dining-room.

I wondered how I could tell Bertie, the little fellow would grieve so, and then I leaned against the window, and sobbed. It seemed to me I could not even have a mother-friend. Oh, dear! and it was only a few hours since Aunt Axy had told me about the end of the way. Why — why was mine so full of tangles, and snarls?

I heard some one open the door and Reggie's voice say:

"She is in there Dick;" then the door closed, and I knew some one was standing by me, but I would not look up.

"Dolly," said he, in a cheery tone, "I feel flattered, really. I rather thought you would be glad to get rid of one 'horrid boy.'"

I began to choke down my tears, but I could not speak.

"Dolly, are you crying about my mother? because if you are, I mean to tell you something. She is going to write to you very often, I heard her say so, and sometime when you can get away, you are to come and make us a visit, and Dolly, when you do come, I will give you a solemn promise, not to tease you but once a week. Don't you think you are rather impolite not to speak to your guests? Come, Dolly, look right at me now, and tell me."

Then he sat down on a foot rest, and put his face so close to mine I could not look away.

"Tell me, are you truly sorry, way, way down, in your warm little heart, to have your tease and torment go away, and not so much as peep into the 'Woodbox'?"

"Oh, Dick, you know I am; it seems to me I have always known you all, ever since I was born, and your mother —"

The tears would come, spite of me.

"Yes, she is as good as gold, Dolly, and she will never stop loving you, be sure of that, mother and I are alike there; we never give up a friend. Dolly, I want you to make me a good bye present, will you?"

"Yes, Dick."

"I want you to give me the picture you were at work on just now."

"You have it in your pocket."

"I know 'possession is nine tenths of the law,' but I want *your* permission."

"It isn't worth giving."

"No matter, can I have it?"

"Yes, Dick."

"And now here's your pay for it; wear this little charm on your watch guard, please. and in the language of our ancient poet:

"'*When this you see, remember me!*'"

Then he put it on himself, and we both went in to talk with papa again.

When Bertie came I said:

"Oh, Dick, you must tell him, I can't."

So Dick went out, took the little fellow with him into the boys' room, and we did not see them until the bell rang for tea, and then Dick insisted on going home.

All my pet said was that he had promised Dick to be a good little soldier.

That evening Dr. Miller came in, and had a long talk with papa, and the result of it all was made known to us before bed time. Reggie was to go with Dick. Dr. and Mrs. Miller were so generous and kind about it, and as papa said it seemed such a good chance for the boy to have the very drill he needed, we all tried to think it was right. At first, I begged papa to keep Reggie at home until after Christmas, but he said, no, he had better see something of his new home before the holidays, and Mrs. Miller

had arranged to have them with her all the time.

Reggie seemed happier as soon as it was all settled, but we had several quiet talks about Bertie and the boys before he left. They went so soon I had hard work to do all I wanted to for Reggie, and when I sat up until midnight to finish a needle book for him, Miss Lucinda said she should think to see and hear me that the boy was going to the West Indies. It was very hard to lose three from our little circle, and after they were gone, I began to see how much I had enjoyed them.

We wrote regularly every week, and at Christmas we received a box from New York which no one but Mrs. Miller could have packed. It was filled to the very top with useful presents, and Dr. Miller, who dined with us whenever he was in town, declared his little wife must have been lying awake nights to plan what she should send.

Fortunately he ate his Christmas dinner

with us, and although we missed our dear ones, we were a very merry party.

The other boys grew more manly every day. Papa said they had relied on Reggie for everything and his absence would make them think for themselves.

About this time I had a letter from Cora, which goes on with the story I am telling.

"PHILADELPHIA, — —.

"*My dear Busy Bee:*

"How glad I was to get your letter! It was a shame for you to lose those big boys, and dear Mrs. Miller all at once, but just like you to say 'it is all for the best.'

"I think it is for Reggie; he was so solemn, and seemed to think he was responsible for all the rest. He will find ever so much to take up his mind in New York besides his books, and how Mrs. Miller will *mother* him.

"Now, darling, what do you think I am doing? well, I am studying just as hard as I

can. Reggie actually hinted — don't suppose he meant to — that you were a far better scholar, as if I did not know it! I mean to overtake you, dear, so look out! You ask if I cannot coax papa to take a house on the Beverly Shore next summer? Mamma says he would give me his head if he could, but when I mentioned it, he said:

"'Oh, my darling, these are too uncertain times for planning.' Mamma says, however, that we must get out of this dreadful hot city, and she will consent, if you will find us a *boarding place;* housekeeping is not to be thought of; she has too much of it now.

"We seldom sit down to table alone. Papa is always sending or bringing someone to lunch or dinner; he says he will keep open house to all officers, it is a duty, as well as a pleasure. I was the means of bringing one guest here, and Dolly, who do you think it was?

"You know, I go two days in the week to

take painting lessons, and the other day as I ran down the studio steps in an awful hurry, to catch a horse car, somebody knocked against me, and I knocked against some one else, who immediately said, 'I beg your pardon,' and then I looked up, and was about to say, 'I must beg yours,' when there before me stood *Colonel Brentford* with his arm in a sling!

"He laughed, and laughed, and then we shook hands, and he insisted on carrying my portfolio, and I *didn't* take the horse car but we walked every step of the way home. He looked very pale and thin. Mamma made him confess that his arm was hurt worse than they thought at first, and he had been taking a short leave. He did not know a soul here, and when papa came he insisted on sending for his luggage, and keeping him here for a day or two at least.

"I can't begin to tell you how we enjoyed it, especially when he took a letter out of his

pocket from your father and Reggie, which told all the news from the 'Woodbox.' He said he should try and get time to see you when he went through Washington, but he feared he might not. We took him everywhere to see the sights, and he and mamma are great friends, she has his picture, and he carried away ours with him. He doesn't seem half as gay as he used to at your house, and I tell mamma I am sure he must have some trouble on his mind. She thinks he feels the horror of the war deeply, for his regiment was almost "cut to pieces" they say, and when he was talking it over with papa, he walked the floor and nearly cried yes, Dolly, I actually saw tears in his eyes, when he said, '*my poor brave boys.*' We have not heard a word since he left, but I am just as sure as I can be that the gallant colonel is in love with some pretty western girl, and the family objects.

"Don't let any one read my nonsense, dear, I can write as I please to you. Write

soon, dear, and tell me what Miss Lucinda thinks about the beach.

"Your loving,

"CORA B——."

I am afraid I must give one of my own letters now, or the story will not be complete. Cora saved them all, if they were full of girls' talk.

"'WOODBOX,' *March 1st.*

"*My dear Sister-friend:*

"I know it is an age since I wrote but I could not find a spare moment; every day is full; if they were only forty-eight hours long wouldn't it be nice?

"I never dare say I am tired for fear papa will make me give up something and what could it be?

"Not study with him? Never. Not lessons on the organ, no indeed, they rest me; not the care of Bertie for he needs me, and I love him; not my 'boys in blue,' for it is my one comfort every night when I say my

prayers, that I have done some *little*, *wee*, *bit* of good down there.

"Yesterday when I went down, it was a little late, and as I entered the ward one of the stewards said, 'you are none too soon miss, "No. 9" refuses to take his nourishment until you come, and the doctor is very particular about it.' 'No. 9' is the little man I told you about, who cannot move his hands or feet, had an attack of paralysis out on picket, and yet his brain is clear as a bell, while his body is just enough alive to keep him in torture. When they fed him they used to spill his food, and it worried him, he is so nice. I sat down, and gave him his beef tea, and then told him how my music teacher rapped my fingers for making a blunder, which I made because I was wondering if he had taken his breakfast. He smiled poor fellow, a sick, wan smile, and looked at my hands as if he wanted to see if they were hurt. I held them both up and told him they were all right, but next time, if

I came late, he must take his food for my sake.

"You can't think, Cora, how I get attached to some of my 'boys.'

"Dr. Greeley called me away one day to help him dress a wound, and while we were doing it what do you think he said?

"I can't forget it, although I must try to. 'Miss Warrington, you should study medicine, you have already had more practice than half of our young M. D's.'

"'I wish I could,' said I, eagerly, 'when I am a little older.'

"'And why not, pray?'

"'I think you forget that I can never leave papa,' I said, feeling provoked with him for asking.

"'Ah!' said he, 'now I was thinking, what a good thing it would be for your father, say a few years hence.'

"'Do you mean what you say, Dr. Greeley?' I asked.

"He was bending over the shoulder wound

of our patient, but he stopped, looked up, and with those great eyes of his, fairly gazing through me, said:

"'I mean, that you show wonderful aptitude, wonderful nerve, and the clearness of judgment, that is needed; and I mean that no other woman of your years has ever raised a finger inside of these walls, and never will. You inherit your father's skill, and although I have always had a strong prejudice against women as physicians, I will gladly help you on, and perhaps one of these days call you Doctor Warrington.'

"I declare, Cora, it nearly frightened me, for I have often thought how much I *should* like it, but the whole thing is impossible; how could I ever go to college, or what would papa do without his housekeeper?

"No, dear, that is a *girl's dream.* I am all papa has, and I must never leave him. It makes my heart jump to think of it, — school, study, and all the advantages of companions, but Cora here I am, and here

must I stay. I think, if we should once turn our steps in the wrong direction on the path Aunt Axy talks of, even *He* would not be able to make the way end right.

"No, I shall never go to college.

"We hear good news from the boys. 'Reggie studies very hard,' Mrs. Miller writes, and 'Dick is doing very well, for such a rattle-pate.'

"Charlie and Walter tell Ned he shall not surpass them, and even little Bertie is quite anxious to be a good boy and 'go to college like Reggie.'

"Colonel Brentford did not come to us; I am sorry he is so sad as you say, it may be a love affair.

"And now dear, here comes the cream of my letter if there is any cream to it. Miss Lucinda has made arrangements to take care of us *all* the coming summer. Her plan is, to have her little stable turned into a house where she will live with the servants and cook for us, we, to use the whole of her nest.

Could anything be better? this will give us a room for guests, and Mrs. Miller begs to join us during the boys' vacation while the invalid aunt will go up to her house on the Hudson, and have a very good woman to take care of her, and Mrs. Miller can have a quiet rest.

"Isn't it delightful?

"Papa says I must say "D. V." for unless *He* is willing, all our plans will come to naught, so if nothing happens, Cora dear, we will all flit sea-ward by the middle of May or first of June, and not return until October; but the 'big boys' cannot come until the vacation begins in July. All well.

"Lovingly,

"DOLLY."



CHAPTER XXVII.

ABOUT BOYS.— CORA TO DOLLY.



Y precious Friend:

"Here we are in New York, aren't you surprised?

"We came away suddenly, you may be sure, or I should have written.

"Good news first. — *Papa is much pleased with the Beverly plan* and mamma speaks of it every day. Won't we study, deary? Those

'horrid boys' shall not startle us with their learning. Why Dick,—but, oh dear I haven't told you yet. You see we are here at papa's sister's; they only came home from Europe a few weeks ago; uncle had to come on account of the war, for his money is all in cotton or something. Anyway he is away nearly all the time, and auntie, who has only one child, a son by her first marriage, keeps house here in elegant style. John, that is my would-be cousin — hateful name, isn't it dear?— John, is a classmate of Dick's and Reggie's, and as soon as I found it out, we made up a little surprise.

"Auntie is very fond of young men, and has had them here several times, so Jack and I — everybody calls him Jack Montgomery — we planned some fun.

"In the first place, auntie drove round with mamma and I to call on Mrs. Miller. We found her as lovely as ever, and she said the boys should not know from her about my being here: then auntie left an invita-

tion for the 'young gentlemen,'—think of *you* calling 'our boys' young gentlemen!—to come up to six o'clock dinner, for she had business of importance to explain to them.

"'You see dear,' she said, 'I have been coaxed by Jack to write a little play for them, and as I would do anything in the world to make him happy at home, I have done it; of course it is very, very simple, but it will serve as a pastime, and make our young people happy.'

"I think it is so good in auntie. She is very, very wealthy, and yet mamma says she has been doing for others ever since she knew her. Only think Dolly, she was the first lady in all her fashionable set to open her house on New Year's Day, and not have a drop of wine! How everybody talked! Even her husband thought she would make herself too conspicuous by such a step, but papa said Aunt Laura smiled and replied:

"'You know, dear, if a thing is *right* I

should do it, if I stood alone on Mount Pisgah.' I call that brave, don t you Dolly? Well, the 'boys' came and I was hid. When they were all busy talking over the parts, and Dick said he couldn't think of a girl to take the part of Miss Sallie Dare-all because it needed some one with snap, and fun, auntie gave a little pat with her hands as our signal, and out I walked from behind the curtain.

"It was real fun to see those boys! Dick rushed up, and for half a second, I really thought he was going to *kiss* me, it would have been just like him you know, if he wanted to tease; then Reggie came forward in his cool, calm way, and said quietly: 'This is capital, is Dolly hiding there, too?'

"Poor fellow, his face grew sober when I said, 'No, Reggie, I wish she were.'

"Then I sat down on the sofa, and the boys stared, and asked questions all about my letters from you, and dear old 'Home' as Reggie called it. Dolly, I told them all the

good things I could think of; how you had done so well with your playing that you had managed the organ for two Sundays; how you thought you would like to go to college, but never could, on account of your father, and everything which I thought you would be willing to have them know.

"It did seem like old days to me to see them. Reggie has been growing handsome; Dick tells me, he is the best scholar in his class, and auntie thinks he is her favorite of all the 'fellows' Jack brings home. Jack calls them all 'fellows.'

"The play is all settled. I am to be Sallie,—the name of it, is "*Outside and in*," showing what absurd blunders people make by looking at the outside of things, instead of investigating. We all wish you could have my part, you would do it so much better than I.

"'Mr. Skim'o-long' is Jack, Dick is a 'Deacon Curious,' and Reggie is the best 'Professor' you ever saw. We have some

queer sayings I assure you. Dick's part is so comical I laugh whenever I think of it. But I won't tell you any more about it, for Reggie says we will have it played next summer at Beverly, and *you* must take the part of Eunice the Professor's wife, who is bothered and tormented by his wonderful researches. How well you would do it! It was too bad you had to refuse Mrs. Miller's invitation; I knew you would. Catch you leaving your helpless father! oh, Dolly, you are so brave, and unselfish; *I* should growl, sulk, scold, storm, and be *hateful* generally, but, Dolly dear, naughty as I am, I am still

"Your CORA.

"P. S. Tell Miss Lucinda mamma will write to her, and thinks her very kind to take so much trouble.

"Reggie and Dick say they will write as soon as our play is over.

"CORA."

From Reggie.

"*Dear Good People:*

"We are doing pretty well in our studies, but not as well as I wish, for do my best I never get the mark I aim for. Dick seems to walk in a sort of charmed manner over all difficulties and I envy him his wonderful memory. Think of sitting down, and reading over three or four pages, and then, being able to recite them verbatim; and yet, Dick does this, week after week, while I *pore* as hard as I can.

"I have been thinking over the contents of your letter, dear doctor, and I have about made up my mind that 'Harvard is the best place.' This winter has done me good, but I have always heard my father say he preferred Harvard, on many accounts. Dick says if I try for that examination he will, and his father consents; meantime, I want to be sure of a *thorough preparation.* Whatever you think best will settle me in the matter.

"I hope you will let me know about the financial affairs I wrote you about. *Please* doctor, do not let us burden you.

"I am glad Ned and the rest get on so well. Tell Ned he must try to follow me in a year, if I get into Harvard.

"It was a great pleasure to see Miss Cora B. and hear from you all — of many little things which Dolly does not tell us.

"Dick will write full particulars of our play.

"Yours truly,

"REGINALD."

Were ever boys more unlike? Reggie, so business-like, and solemn, and Dick, such a rollicking, fun-loving rogue. Here is Dick's letter which came with the other.

"Dear Cousin Dolly:

"I am 'counted in' you know, and as I cannot write to half a dozen people all in one breath, so to speak, I prefer to address your highness, and you may pass it around,

as our fore-fathers, and fore-mothers, used to a mug of cider.

"Concerning Reg, he is a trump. A. 1. on the books,— A. 1. everywhere.

"The play was a success; Cora did her part pretty well, Reggie his *very* well, Jack excellent, yours truly, passable, and the rest 'fair to middling.'

"I don't think we *feel* quite so much of the war as we did there; we *hear* enough in all conscience; at our house, when the paper comes morning and evening, it is at once torn in two parts, we are all so eager to hear the news.

"That Beverly arrangement suits me to a charm, especially if *we* are fortunate enough to get into Harvard; haven't a doubt of Reg.

"How does Miss Lucinda do? What is Walt whittling out?

"How do you progress with Greek? Cora says, you have figured at the organ in church. Good! but see here cousin Dolly,

don't you let that squint-eyed chorister talk nonsense to you.

"Think of your wounded admirer, the colonel! Lucky he didn't get into the 'Seminary,' or the 'Union' to be cared for, or we might have had a romance, and the dear 'uncle doctor,' might have lost his housekeeper.

"Cora said something about 'college,'—do you mean it?

"Don't, I shouldn't stand any chance; besides, I am afraid of learned women. Think of the 'Peace Sisters,' and be happy.

"How I laughed over Bertie's plum pudding, dear little chap!

"Tell him 'cousin Dick' kisses his picture every time he looks at it, which is pretty often seeing it is inside his watch case. Whose picture do you think is on the other side? Won't do to tell.

"Do you know Reggie is getting so broad across the shoulders, his best coat fits like a straight-jacket, and all we can say, he won't

get another. Solemn old owl; he says he must be economical, until he hears how his father is coming out of this struggle. How do you like Jack Montgomery? you must have a pretty good idea of him, from all our letters. He is 'not pleasing to look at,' as Miss Lucinda would say, but he is a kind old soul, and gives away more money every week, than most of us have in a month. His mother Mrs. VanCleve, is one of *our sort*, motherly, and refined. They live in swell style, (beg pardon, I didn't mean to use a word of slang, but remember I am only a '*horrid boy*') and she is one of the leading Sanitary workers, keeps one seamstress always at work for the soldiers, and is called 'proud' by people who don't know a *grand* woman when they see one. Don't she make things pleasant for us though?

"She would like to have Cora with her all the time, but I don't wonder Mrs. Birney cannot bear to give her up. I suppose my

blessed mate has told you all about our home affairs, so I will only say that Dr. Miller is still away on Government business; that grand aunt Follansbee is still nervous, and fanciful, that my beloved mother waits on her like a saint and endures fault-finding like a martyr, and that Reggie and I still have our big room to do as we please in, and my sweet-heart (wonder if I shall ever have another, I shall love as well as my lovely mother,) comes every night, and sits with us for an hour or two after aunt Follansbee is asleep. Of course, we talk about our friends at the 'Woodbox.' Hurra! for next summer! won't we spin about in that new boat? won't we lead Josiah out on tramps? won't we have fun with little Budd?

"Would it were here!

"Reg calls out, 'Come, Dick; come to bed; when you get hold of a pen, you never know when to stop.'

"I shout back, 'Coming, coming, most no-

ble lord.' And so good night. By the by, if you want to keep me out of scrapes, write long letters — missionary work, Dolly, — *pax vobiscum.*

"DICK."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE MORE SUMMER.

BERTIE'S "plum pudding" requires an explanation.

Papa and I were very busy, or I was with my Homer, when Bertie put his head in to ask if he might take Johnny Young into the kitchen, and have some pop corn? I said yes, if they would mind Aunt Axy, quite forgetting that I had sent her down to the hospital with some things Dr. Greely wanted.

Miss Lucinda was in her room darning stockings, and her devoted Gen. Scott was

of course near by, so the young rogues had it all their own way.

I have always been laughed at for my nose, "scenting trouble afar off," as papa says, and suddenly I knew something was burning. I rushed to the kitchen and found it completely filled with smoke. At first I thought it was all on fire, but I soon found that popping corn had proved too tame, and the young gentlemen were trying experiments. Johnny Young was spelling out words from a cook book, and Bertie, with one hand up to his eyes, was stirring something, which he spilled over upon the red hot stove with every motion of the spoon; still the little Casabianca stood at his post.

"Bertie, Bertie, my darling, what are you doing?"

"Only making a pudding, Dolly, and Johnny says it's *cider* you put in, it isn't is it?"

"What kind of a pudding?" I asked, trying to look sober.

"It's a plum pudding, like you made when Dick and Reggie went over to camp."

Yes, I had made one, and Bertie who had watched the operation confounded it with the boiling of syrup for ginger snaps which I made at the same time.

Aunt Axy was such a superior cook I seldom ventured into her kingdom, but once in a while I tried a bit of "*girls'* cookery."

Both boys were sprinkled with flour; Johnny worst, for his velvet jacket held it fast. Aunt Axy's white pine table of which she was so proud, was daubed with grease, molasses, and sugar; the floor,—well, as Aunt Axy expressed it: "dat ar floor, was wuss un a camp meetin' eatin'-house."

I suppose I should have punished them both, for papa says, "weak indulgence is always cruelty;" but the little culprits looked so comical, and they were so angry with each other, Johnny, spelling out slowly with his little, fat, dirty finger, c-i-t-r-o-n and insisting that it was *cider*, while Bertie knew

cousin Dolly did not put in cider, it was *cistern* all covered with white sugar, that I could not. After I had laughed until both shavers stared at me in amazement I washed them up and made each of them swallow two spoonfuls of their "plum pudding" as a punishment. I knew it could not hurt them.

Reggie wrote home when he received my letter telling him of this frolic, that I was altogether too easy with Bertie, he required a firm hand. Poor baby, if Reg had seen those handsome eyes full of tears as I did, when I talked with him that night, he, well, boys are conceited; but how could I be stern with a dead woman's child?

I must give one more letter of Cora's from New York, because it recalls some of the trials of the war, to our little circle, and as papa said, explained "how the women could, and did bear arms."

"No soldier with his musket ever did more good service than the women in the

hospitals, and homes, the Sanitary Commissions, and, like dear Mrs. Thorpe, in the field," so Dr. Greeley said; and for such a gruff old surgeon, I thought it high praise.

"NEW YORK, *March, 1862.*

"*My dear Dolly:*

"All our pleasant times are ended for the present. Poor Mrs. Miller is in deep affliction, and we all feel it as if we were relatives. I think Dick has told you about his mother's only brother, all the relative she had except this old aunt. He was here, only three weeks since.

"Handsome, gifted, young Roger Morris! don't you remember seeing his picture over the piano in Georgetown? He has been West most of the time since the war broke out, and only came on to command a brigade in the army of the Potomac since we came to New York. He was a West Pointer, and could not rest content until he was ordered here 'to be in the thick of it,' as he said.

"The morning he left, we were all over there to breakfast, and when he began to put on his sword, he stopped a moment, went up to his sister, and said, holding out his sash:

"'Perhaps you would like to do this for me, sis, it may be the last chance, you know.'

"Mrs. Miller took one end of the sash and 'wound him up' as he called it, and he took her face between his hands and kissed her, saying with a laugh, she 'always claims that for pay.' When he left the house the boys went with him, and Mrs. Miller said to mamma and me, 'I wish Roger did not seem so glad to go, but he is every inch a soldier.' She felt badly I could see, but she went on just the same, only a trifle paler than usual.

"And now comes the sad part. He made his sister promise not to attempt to find his body if he should fall. 'It is neither brave, nor loyal,' he said, 'to put the government to so much trouble, to say nothing of your friends; I want to die like a soldier and be

buried like one; and mind, sister, no bounties or pensions for me; my life belongs to my country, if it is good for anything, let it go.' Then came the tidings so soon after, that he had fallen, the brave, young man, and the last of his family! We read the news in our evening paper: 'A reconnaissance in force and all done,' the despatch said, 'to withdraw the enemy's attention from more important movements.' We went round to Mrs. Miller's at once, Aunt Laura and mamma were going, and I would not be left at home.

"Oh, Dolly, how *strong* women are in trouble! I shall never forget Mrs. Miller's eyes, as long as I live; there was not the slightest outcry, only dumb sorrow. The family idolized him, her one, darling brother, and I could not help crying for her. Dick sat down by her and held her hand; Reggie had gone out to send word to the doctor, but for days, and days, the despatch could not find him.

"In his last letter he wrote, 'I am so thankful Roger has been ordered East; he is too gifted to spend his days fighting Indians,' and poor Mrs. Miller read *that* with her face like marble, when her gifted Roger lay dead on the field of battle.

"Yesterday, a gentleman brought her his watch, sword and belt; and oh, Dolly, the very sash she had tied on, as he said 'for the last time.' Mrs. Miller took them all and went to her room, where she staid for two or three hours; after that, she came back and answered all the old aunt's fretful questions in her own gentle way. We did intend to go home this week, but Mrs. Miller urged me to spend a few days with her on account of the boys, Dick feels this so much, and it is harder for them all having the doctor away."

Just as soon as I finished reading Cora's letter I sat down and wrote to Mrs. Miller,

but I tore up at least six sheets of paper before I had one fit to send.

A girl of my age could only say things in the worst way, I know, but it seemed to me I felt Roger Morris' death myself. I had neither brother nor sister, and like Mrs. Miller, my mother was dead. I don't know what I said, but I was glad I wrote it, poor as it was, for she wrote in return:

"It was such a comforting little letter I have read it over and over."

The spring came, then the summer, and once more we all went to the sea side.

Mrs. Miller went with papa and me, and Mrs. Van Cleoe followed with the boys, as soon as the term closed.

Again the little railroad was used, but this time much improved; again our boats danced over the water, and Josiah acted as pilot.

Harvard Budd once more made calls, and devoted himself to Cora; the cheerful doc-

tor came from Cambridge, and brightened papa's summer with thoughtful letters and gifts of books.

Once more the Peace sisters welcomed us, and the "Hoss Club" worked on; once more our merry hearted boys with Dick for leader, got into scrapes, and out again; and once more we read our papers with beating hearts, lest we should find the name of some loved one amid the killed and wounded; but the summer passed and the autumn came.

Again we turned our faces homeward leaving behind us our three big boys, for Jack, Dick and Reggie "passed" and entered "fair old Harvard."

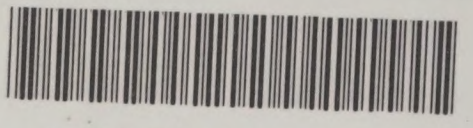
And now, dear readers, if you wish to know more of my "Six Little Rebels" and their friends, if you are anxious to hear what became of Mrs. Neville and Colonel Gresham, if the doctor is half as dear to you as to me, and Dolly and Cora are the lovable girls I know them to be; if you are interested in

the gallant colonel from Michigan or his mischievous servant Lex, let us still journey together and read their history in another volume called

"DOCTOR DICK."

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